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Thesis

IMAGERY IN THE SECULAR POETRY OF JOHN DONNE

by

Virginia M. Murphy

(A.B., Boston University, 1947)

submitted in partial fulfilment of the
requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts
1948

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INTRODUCTION

The purpose of the following study is to attempt an historical view

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made for the interpretation of John Donne and his work. Although I have

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express some of his own beliefs, ideas, feelings, interests and
observations. It is in his images that a poet reveals himself although
it does not necessarily mean that he uses images which, through their very
concreteness, lack the naturalness of those expressed by a dramatist.

It is perhaps time to qualify the word 'image'. I use it here to
include all types of similes and metaphors used for analogy. Not only does
it include visual images, but it also includes every imaginative picture
expressed by the poet through the senses, the mind, and the emotions.

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INTRODUCTION

The purpose of the following study is to attempt to discover a new basis for the interpretation of John Donne and his work. Although I have restricted my work to Donne's secular poetry, the possibilities of investigation of all the material included in this classification would be so great a task that I have been forced to restrict my work further to the outstanding poems in his songs and sonnets, epigrams, elegies, satires, epicedes and obsequies, and to the two epitaphs.

This study deals with Donne's images in these poems and the light they throw on his personality, temperament and thought, and the themes of the poems themselves.

If Virginia Woolf is correct in maintaining---"That every secret of a writer's soul, every experience of his life, every quality of his mind, is written large in his works....", then what I am attempting to do in this study is justified. Whether a writer is expressing his own thoughts or inventing thoughts for others, he must, to a certain extent, express some of his own beliefs, likes, dislikes, interests and observations. It is in his images that a poet reveals himself although he does consciously search for and use images which, through their very consciousness, lack the naturalness of those expressed by a dramatist.

It is perhaps time to qualify the word 'image'. I use it here to include all types of similes and metaphors used for analogy. Not only does it connote visual images, but it also includes every imaginative picture expressed by the poet through the senses, the mind, and the emotions.

INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this Introduction is to attempt to discover a new

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interpretation of all the material included in this classification would be

too great a task and I have been forced to restrict my work to the

following poems in his secular and satirical, epigrams, satires,

epistles and epigrams, and to the two epigrams.

This study deals with Donne's images in these poems and the light

they throw on his personality, temperament and thought, and the terms of

the poems themselves.

It is my belief that in examining the following every reader

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no more consciously aware of the images which, like the very

consciousness, lack the consciousness of being expressed by a poet.

It is perhaps this quality of the poet's images, that it is not

images all types of images and metaphors mean for poetry. Not only

is common to all types of images, but it is also in every type of image

expressed by the poet through the senses, the mind, and the emotions.

The power of drawing analogy---likeness between dissimilar things---is necessary to the great poet. His standing as a poet depends largely on the amount of power he has in discovering hidden likenesses, and therefore the use of this power is what stirs us in his writings. It is these hidden analogies that express the greatest truths which otherwise are incapable of expression.

I will not discuss here the formal classification of images in Donne's work, since I am chiefly concerned with their content rather than their form. A definition of imagery in this paper would be too involved and too open for discussion. Perhaps Caroline Spurgeon's rather free definition of an image is practical here. She defines it as:

"...the little word picture used by a poet or prose writer to illustrate, illuminate, and embellish his thought. It is a description or an idea, which by comparison or analogy, stated or understood, with something else, transmits to us through the emotions and associations it arouses, something of the 'wholeness', the depth and richness of the way the writer views, conceives, or has felt what he is telling us."¹

She goes on to say that the image gives quality, creates atmosphere, and conveys emotion in a way that no exact description can possibly do. A fascinating illustration of Donne's ability to create atmosphere and emotion through the image is found in the ninth Elegy:

Nor Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace,
As I have seen in one Autumnal face;

These little word pictures give us the background and atmosphere of the thing described, and they tell us almost positively that the writer has seen and experienced them. My aim therefore is to find the

1. Caroline Spurgeon. Shakespeare's Imagery. New York: The Macmillan Company. (1935) p. 9.

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"...the little word picture used by a poet or prose writer to illustrate, illuminate, and embellish his thought. It is a description or an idea, which by comparison or analogy, stated or understood, with something else, presented to us through the action and association of ideas, something of the 'wholeness', the depth and richness of the way the writer views, conceives, or has felt what he is telling us."

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Not Spring, nor Summer, yearly with such grace,
As I have seen in one Autumnal face;

These little word pictures give us the background and atmosphere of the thing described, and they tell us almost positively that the writer has seen and experienced them. By this therefore is to find the

content of the images in a limited number of Donne's poems and to investigate as closely as possible the light they throw on the man himself.

CHAPTER I

THE LIFE OF JOHN DONNE

John Donne was born in London, parish of St. Nicholas Aveline, Broad Street, in 1572.¹ He was the first son of a prosperous ironmonger. His father was the son of an ancient and respected family in Wales. He was a free man of the city and served in the office of warden of the Iron Monger Company in 1574. His death in 1576 left his wife with six children. We know that Donne's mother, Elizabeth, was the third daughter of John Heywood, the famous dramatist. Her mother, Elizabeth Bartoll, was the daughter of John Bartoll and Elizabeth More, sister of Sir Thomas More.

Thus we find that Donne could boast of proud ancestry on both sides. His family, however, was Catholic and paid dearly because of it. For persecution of the Catholics was severe at that time. Donne's only brother died in prison because he had hidden and aided a priest. His grandfather, John Heywood, had his property confiscated because of his Catholicism. An uncle, Brian More, was hanged in Antwerp, died of shock. Another uncle, Father Joseph Heywood, visiting London on a mission from Rome, was imprisoned for a year and later exiled.

Donne was brought up under strict Catholic teaching, and although little is actually known of his early life, we see, it is certain, care-

1. Isaac Walton, *The life of Dr. Donne*. In the *Harvard Classics*, ed. by E. V. Rieu, vol. 15 (1945).

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CHAPTER I

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John Donne was born in London, parish of St. Nicholas Olave, Bread Street, in 1573.¹ He was the first son of a prosperous ironmonger. His father was the son of an ancient and respected family in Wales. He was a free man of the city and served in the office of warder of the Iron Monger Company in 1574. His death in 1576 left his wife with six children to care for. Donne's mother, Elizabeth, was the third daughter of John Heywood, the famous dramatist. Her mother, Elizabeth Rastell, was the daughter of John Rastell and Elizabeth More, sister of Sir Thomas More.

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1. Izaak Walton. The Life of Dr. Donne. In the Harvard Classics, ed. by C. W. Eliot. Vol. 15 (1909).

CHAPTER I

THE LIFE OF JOHN DOWNS

John Downes was born in London, parish of St. Nicholas Aveline, Strand, in 1771. He was the first son of a prosperous ironmonger. His father was the son of an ancient and respected family in Wales. He was a free man of the city and served in the office of writer of the Ironmonger Company in 1794. His death in 1798 left his wife with six children to care for. Downes's mother, Elizabeth, was the third daughter of John Heywood, the famous dramatist. Her mother, Elizabeth Russell, was the daughter of John Russell and Elizabeth More, sister of Sir Thomas More. Thus we find that Downes could boast of great ancestry on both sides. His family, however, was Catholic and paid dearly because of it, for persecution of the Catholics was common at that time. Downes's only brother died in prison because he had hidden and aided a priest. His grandfather, John Heywood, had his property confiscated because of his Catholicism. An uncle, driven from his home in Antwerp, died of shock. Another uncle, Father Joseph Heywood, visiting London on a mission from Rome, was imprisoned for a year and later exiled. Downes was brought up under strict Catholic teaching, and although little is actually known of his early life, he was, it is certain, very

fully tutored. He was sent to Oxford at the age of eleven. After two years at Oxford he entered Cambridge and remained there until 1589. He never took a degree, but this is probably explained by the fact that he could not take the oath. These years at Oxford and Cambridge were marked by diligent study. He rose at four A. M. and studied until ten A. M.

After he left Cambridge, Donne continued his studies but with private tutors. He concentrated on mathematics and liberal sciences. It was at that time that he started a serious study of religion, and even then he showed signs of being an independent thinker and of having a certain laxity toward things Roman.

In 1592, Donne entered Lincoln's Inn. It was at this time that Henry Donne, his brother, was imprisoned for harboring a priest and died of fever in Clink Prison. The effects of this on Donne were serious and he started a very systematic study of various sects. His final conversion to the Anglican Church was quite probably due to his personal acquaintance with persecution and his distance from the influence of his mother.

This freedom from the influence of home and his strict Catholic background, plus the effects of the rather fast life of a law student, caused Donne to join in with the feverish life around him. There were several influences pressing on him at this time. He had been reared in an exceptionally strict Catholic household; his family had suffered many trials, and he was forced to live the curtailed life of a Catholic at Oxford. His heritage on his mother's side and the vigorous nature inherited from his father helped him, sensitive as he was, to withstand these influences and many more that were to come as he matured.

Donne seemed destined for public service as his study at Lincoln's

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Inn, his general popularity, and the wealth of his family seemed to indicate. A very serious disadvantage, however, was his connection with the Catholic Church. The date of his conversion to the Anglican Church is not definite, but it is quite certain that it occurred between 1593 and 1603. It is noticeable that although he finally became an Anglican, he never entirely severed himself from the fundamental teachings of the Catholic Church.

In spite of the fact that he never practiced law, Donne studied diligently and was considered a brilliant scholar. Despite his studies and his religious doubt, Donne found the time and the inspiration to write poetry. It is this poetry, bitter and cynical as it was, that has caused so much controversy and speculation among Donne's more conventional readers.

At the age of twenty-three, Donne saw foreign service under the Earl of Essex. This service resulted in the epigram "Cales and Guyana." The next year, 1597, Donne saw foreign service again, and we have the poems, "The Storme" and "The Calme." After these expeditions, Donne traveled in Italy and Spain for a number of years and then returned to England to study at Lincoln's Inn.

Very little is known about the period between his entrance into Lincoln's Inn and his marriage. It has been conjectured that he traveled the continent, saw service, and was private secretary to Lord Ellesmere. A close study of his poems of this period give us a definite picture of a Donne who was enjoying life to the full while another Donne, more skeptic, more thoughtful, more appreciative of life, was savoring these experiences and expressing his appreciation of them in poetry. This poetry is a confused conglomeration of many mixed emotions as described above.

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Very little is known about the period between his entrance into Lincoln's Inn and his marriage. It has been conjectured that he traveled the continent, saw service, and was private secretary to Lord Bute. A close study of his poems of this period give us a definite picture of a man who was enjoying life to the full while another Donne, more sensitive, more thoughtful, more appreciative of life, was savoring those experiences and expressing his appreciation of them in poetry. This poetry is a continued continuation of many mixed emotions as described above.

There occurs, at this time, a gradual but very noticeable change in Donne. During his period at Lincoln's Inn, Donne made the acquaintance of the prominent Thomas Egerton and became his secretary. Egerton liked Donne and valued his friendship. It was at this time that Donne met Ann More, the niece of Thomas Egerton's second wife. Donne remained with Egerton as secretary for five years during which time he became very well acquainted with court affairs, and this period in his life had a lasting effect on Donne. He became familiar with great statesmen, and his friendship with Ann More was fast developing into a courtship which culminated in their marriage in December, 1600.

The marriage was a clandestine one and cost Donne the friendship of Egerton and the malice of his father-in-law who had him thrown into prison. More even went so far as to insist that Donne be dismissed from the service of Lord Egerton. Egerton, although he was angry with Donne, did not want to comply with More's request but finally succumbed to him and dismissed Donne.

Donne was overwhelmed with despair over these events and the imprisonment which followed his dismissal from Egerton's service. He was finally allowed to leave prison, due to ill health, but he had no means of support. (He had already lost his fortune.) More also attempted to have the marriage annulled, but, unsuccessful in this and besieged on all sides by Donne's friends and sympathizers, he became reconciled to the marriage and even tried to have Donne restored to his position in Egerton's service, which attempt was not successful. Although More also allowed Donne to have the marriage confirmed by the Commissioners, it was a year before he allowed Ann to go to Donne as his wife. Sir Francis Wooley, Ann's cousin, welcomed Donne and his bride to his home in Pyrford. Here, the first two of their

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twelve children were born. Donne's means of livelihood at this time are uncertain, and this period (to 1604) is a blank in his history. It is generally supposed that they moved to Mitcham in 1605 where most of their other children were born.

In 1605, leaving his family in Mitcham, Donne, encouraged and persuaded by Christopher Brooke, moved to the Strand in an effort to seek patronage at Court. Here, he worked with Thomas Morton on a pamphlet against the Jesuits. Morton asked Donne to take orders and extended a benefice to him. Donne did not accept at first but was eventually forced to give up his independence of religious thought and to accept the Anglican Church.

In 1606, Donne received a license to travel on the continent for three years. The purpose of this journey has never been explained, but he was probably on a mission for Sir Thomas Morton.

In 1608, Donne was in bad financial circumstances at Mitcham, and again he was aided by Ann's cousin, Sir Francis Wooley, who persuaded Sir George More to settle Ann's dowry. With this settlement, Donne's fortunes turned to the better and encouraged by his friend, Lady Russell, whom he had met at Mitcham, he turned once more to his writing.

Donne met Sir Robert Drury in 1610, and through the elegy which he wrote for Elizabeth Drury, he gained the thankfulness and friendship of this man who took him and his family into his home. Drury also took Donne with him to Amiens; it was at this time that "Sweetest Love, I Do Not Goe" and "A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning" were composed.

In 1613, Donne lost at least two of his children, was in poor health himself, and was griefstricken as he watched Ann slowly decline in health.

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In 1805, leaving his family in Michigan, Donne, encouraged and persuaded by Christopher Brooks, moved to the Strand in an effort to seek patronage at Court. Here, he worked with Thomas Norton on a pamphlet against the Jesuits. Norton asked Donne to take orders and extended a pension to him. Donne did not accept at first but was eventually forced to give up his independence of religious thought and to accept the Anglican Church.

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About this time he sought ordination but nothing came of his efforts; he soon changed his mind and again sought court preferment in 1614. King James evidently thought he was better suited to the clergy and refused him secular preferment. It is clearly evident that Donne was more or less forced into becoming Dr. Donne although he fought bitterly against it. On January 25, 1615 he was finally ordained at St. Paul's Cathedral.

His start in the ministry was slow, but he climbed steadily. He soon made a very favorable impression on the King and, at his insistence, was given a degree of Doctor of Divinity at the University of Cambridge. He was released from all financial worry by his appointments at Keystone, Seven Oaks in Kent, and as Divinity Reader at Lincoln's Inn, a much sought after position.

The loss of Ann in 1617 resulted in his complete concentration on his duties in the Church. He was overwhelmed by grief at her death and locked himself in his home until this grief had abated. He then resumed his religious duties with a new devotion and fervour. Shortly after this, Donne was again attacked by ill health and was hardly able to carry on his duties at Lincoln's Inn. The King, recognizing this, commissioned him to accompany Lord Hay on a mission to Bohemia in the hope that the trip would benefit his health; Donne returned a fitter man in mind and body.

After this trip, in 1621, Donne was elected Dean of St. Paul's which made him completely independent financially, and in 1622 he resigned his position at Lincoln's Inn. In 1624, after a year of serious illness, he was made Vicar of St. Dunston's. The years 1626 to 1631 were his most successful years as a preacher. In 1630 he drew up his will and posed for the famous monument which was prepared for him. His death in 1631

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terminated a long and varied career.

Donne was a man of great virtues and great faults which were quite thoroughly mixed in his character. In his life as well as in his poetry, his reader may find much that attracts and much that repels. Perhaps it is this that causes students of poetry to be either irrevocably intrigued or completely repulsed by Donne's work. It is a mistake to say that few readers today know Donne for he had a profound effect on poetry which has been felt through the ages.

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It is dangerous to say that Donne wrote only of his own experiences, or that he experienced all he wrote of. He was a brilliant, well educated man, was well off, and had a good background, particularly on his father's side. He was fond of telling his friends that he had achieved his education by faith and had thus won the fruits of his activities; but he was much more worldly than he cared to have his friends believe. In his maturity Dr. Donne regretted his youthful errors, but in his representation of them he was perhaps inclined to exaggerate. His early love affairs are obviously conventional and literary and influenced by his sentiment of idealization overidealization of love. To say that they are all his own experiences is to belie the actual genius of the poet.

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CHAPTER II

REFLECTIONS OF DONNE'S LIFE IN HIS POETRY

Donne's earlier poems do not reflect his life too well.¹ He recognized the fact that Elizabethan conventions were rapidly taking the life out of poetry and that Renaissance vigor was dying out. He found himself at the end of a tremendous period whose influence was stifling the vigor and life of the poetry of his contemporaries. His desire to speak out in his own voice and to shake the formal methods of his age resulted in his early poetry which has proved of interest to the casual reader of his time and ours.

It is dangerous to say that Donne wrote only of his own experiences or that he experienced all he wrote of. He was a brilliant, well educated man, was well off, and had a good background, particularly on his mother's side. He was fond of telling his friends that he had salvaged his misdirected youth by faith and had thus won the fruits of his maturity; yet he was much more worldly than he cared to have his friends believe. In his maturity Dr. Donne regretted his youthful errors, but in his representation of them he was perhaps inclined to exaggerate. His early love affairs are obviously conventional and literary and influenced by his resentment of Elizabethan overglorification of love. To say that they are all his own experiences is to belie the actual genius of the poet.

1. H. J. C. Grierson. The Poems of John Donne. London: Oxford University Press, Humphrey Milford. (1933)

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Donne was a man of many and varied experiences; he enjoyed life to the full particularly in his youth. He also experienced many things that would have tried the soul of even more rugged men and he was a frail man. He wrote not only from a desire to express himself but also from necessity. He pleaded for patronage, for money, and for court preferment. He did compromise but he did not spiritually surrender. Perhaps, after so many years of struggle and poverty, a prospect of security attracted him and he accepted the King's dictates. What actually caused his conversion has never been known, but it was obviously the result of careful thought and deliberation.

He was a rebel in religious thought as well as literary conventions. This resulted in a lack of things material as well as peace of mind. Although he revolted against the Roman Catholic Church, it is noticeable that he continued his study of the Fathers of the Church and that his theology was composed of only those doctrines accepted by both churches; punishment and the remission of sins occupied his attention. Even in his cynical love poems there is a recurring thought that threads its way through the cynicisms. This thought was concerned with death. His early poetry shows his search for the answer to death's mystery; his later work indicated that he had found the answer in faith and that he could scarcely wait for the glory of death.

Donne's mind was, to a certain extent, legalistic and a careful reader may discover that he loved a learned argument for its own sake but kept this love well hidden from his contemporaries. In the love lyrics he explained love to himself. Emotion and impulse rarely ruled him and the mood of his love lyrics is made up of the account of an emotion in progress

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and a running, analyzing commentary on it. He could not resist a cold-blooded analysis of all he did; he viewed natural passions with detached irony.

At Oxford and Cambridge Donne showed the first signs of rebellion. He refused degrees rather than give up his independent attitude toward religion. His first revolt against literary conventions occurred at Lincoln's Inn in three of his satires. These satires, written in a juvenile tone of bitterness, reflect the theme in which Donne was most interested, man and man's society. Satires two and three are directly influenced by his brother's death; all the satires mirror the religious persecution directed at his family. This early period of writing is characterized by a wild, cynical, independent desire to shape a very definite change in his poetry. In spite of the sense of frustration that he must have felt in the months of separation from Ann and the years of strife and poverty that followed, he never wrote anything as bitter and cynical as some of the poems written before his marriage. The period characterized by poems which reflect his great love for Ann and his acceptance of responsibility is marked by both deep and sincere work, and work of 'bread and butter' quality. This quality of 'bread and butter' indicates his recognition of the responsibilities of a family and his search for a patron in his need of support for himself and his family. "The Anatomie of the World" and "The Progresse of the Soule" illustrate this quality clearly.

This period is followed by the period of release from financial bonds. In the "Holy Sonets", for the first time free of necessity and cynicism, Donne wrote beautiful, soul-searching poems which show traces of

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his earlier Catholic training. This work bears no stigma of the 'bread and butter' period. These poems are deep, sincere, and reflective of the true Donne who had run the gamut of sin and repentance and was free to express his own mature, learned, and individual thoughts on life and death. He wrote only for a select group.

As Donne became more interested in ecclesiastical work, his poetry became more conventional. He had become well known and influential and with recognition, more or less conservative. He had worked his way through a maze of spiritual and material problems, and at the end of his career, he was acknowledged as the arbiter of style and doctrine.

Donne's poetry reflects his troubled and tormented life. The whole matter is very adequately expressed in the following quotation:

"His passionate youth, his ambitious middle age, his errors in taste, his uncertain trending in the approach to the altar, his acquiescences and adulation of patrons--these things are as undeniable as his fundamental piety, his loyal friendships, his good feeling, good sense, his steady devotion to the more ascetic ideals of the profession he at last embraced. But the nobler qualities were pre-dominant ones....."¹

A few of Donne's poems are not really broken up into separate images because they are based on one long conceit² which I have indicated as such. In only a few instances, where outstanding figures of speech are used within

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CHAPTER III

SUBJECTS OF DONNE'S IMAGES

The system by which I have classified Donne's images can be best understood if presented in outline form. This outline has been devised as a method of showing in an easily grasped visual form the various classifications of the subjects of the images which Donne used. I am indebted to Caroline Spurgeon for the main classification of the images.¹

At the beginning of each of the following chapters, I have reproduced, in their entirety, each poem to be discussed.² All images in the poems are underlined, and at the right of each line containing an image, I have used a key which indicates the classification into which the image falls. When I found it necessary to underline words which were italicized in the Grierson text, I indicated the image by an asterick rather than underlining it.

A few of Donne's poems are not easily broken up into separate images because they are based on one long conceit³ which I have indicated as such. In only a few instances, where outstanding figures of speech are used within

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the conceit have I actually classified the images.

The reader has only to refer to the outline which follows to determine the correct classification of the image: that is, if the reader finds the key I. A. 1., he may be sure that the image falls under the general classification of Nature, under the more specific heading of Growing Things, and is, to be exact, an image involving a flower. This method is, I believe, a more exact means of indicating the type of image used.

At the end of each chapter I have summarized the conclusions I have drawn from the number and types of images used in the group of poems under discussion.

OUTLINE

I. NATURE

- A. Growing Things
 - 1. flowers
 - 2. trees
 - 3. plants
 - 4. fruit
 - 5. weeds
- B. Weather
 - 1. cold
 - 2. storm
 - 3. wind
 - 4. rain
 - 5. cloud
 - 6. mist
 - 7. changes
- C. Sea and Ships
 - 1. ships and sea faring
- D. Celestial Bodies
 - 1. sun
 - 2. stars
 - 3. shadow
 - 4. moon
- E. Elements
 - 1. water
 - a. river
 - b. sea
 - 2. earth

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- F. Gardening
 - 1. various
 - 2. canker
 - 3. grafting
 - 4. ripeness
 - 5. growth
- G. Seasons and Time
 - 1. spring
 - 2. summer
 - 3. fall
 - 4. night and day
- H. Farming
- I. Natural Features
- II. ANIMALS
 - A. Fourfooted animals
 - 1. domestic various
 - 2. dogs
 - 3. wild various
 - 4. various
 - B. Birds
 - C. Insects etc.
 - D. Reptiles
 - E. Fabulous
 - F. Fish
- III. DOMESTIC
 - A. House
 - 1. indoor
 - 2. outdoor
 - B. Textiles
 - 1. clothes
 - C. Light and Fire
 - 1. light
 - 2. darkness
 - D. Human Relations
 - 1. children
 - 2. women
 - 3. various
 - 4. babes
 - 5. boys
 - 6. men
 - E. Life and Death
 - F. Jewels
 - G. Indoor Games
 - H. Household Equipment
- IV. BODY
 - A. Body and Bodily Action
 - 1. senses
 - 2. sleep
 - B. Food, Drink, Cooking
 - C. Sickness
 - 1. medicine

7.	Gardening
1.	various
2.	carrots
3.	potatoes
4.	peas
5.	beans
6.	tomatoes and peas
1.	spring
2.	summer
3.	fall
4.	night and day
8.	weeding
1.	various features
II.	ANIMALS
A.	four-footed animals
1.	domestic various
2.	dogs
3.	wild various
4.	various
5.	birds
6.	insects etc.
7.	horses
8.	rabbits
9.	fish
III.	DOMESTIC
A.	house
1.	indoor
2.	outdoor
3.	textiles
4.	clothes
5.	light and fire
6.	light
7.	stoves
8.	human relations
1.	children
2.	women
3.	various
4.	pages
5.	boys
6.	men
7.	life and death
8.	jewels
9.	indoor games
10.	household equipment
IV.	BOY
A.	body and bodily action
1.	manners
2.	sleep
3.	food, drink, clothing
4.	studies
5.	medicine

2. treatment

V. DAILY LIFE

- A. Classes and Types
- B. Sport and Games
 - 1. outdoors
- C. War
 - 1. various
 - 2. weapons
 - 3. armour
 - 4. explosives
- D. Trades and Building
- E. Substances and Metals
 - 1. liquids
- F. Money
- G. Town Life
 - 1. society
- H. Roads and Travel
- I. Buildings
- J. State and Government
 - 1. prison
- K. Topical
- L. Village life

VI. LEARNING

- A. Classical
 - 1. mythological
 - 2. historical
- B. Religion
 - 1. various
 - 2. simple beliefs
 - 3. biblical
 - 4. superstition
- C. Law
- D. Proverbial and Popular
- E. Reading
 - 1. writing
 - 2. books
- F. Science
- G. Facts from Books

VII. ARTS

- A. Visual and Decorative
- B. Music
 - 1. instruments
 - 2. singers
 - 3. musicians
- C. Drama
 - 1. scenes
 - 2. poets
 - 3. authors

VIII. IMAGINATIVE

- A. Personification
 - 1. qualities

2. treatment

V. EARLY LIFE

- A. Chinese and Types
- B. Sport and Games
- 1. outdoors
- C. War
- 1. various
- 2. weapons
- 3. armor
- 4. explosives
- D. Trades and Building
- E. Substances and Metals
- 1. liquids
- F. Money
- G. Town Life
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VIII. IMAGINATIVE

- A. Personification
- 1. qualities

analyses for metals .5
analyses .7
analyses .4
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analyses .6

CHAPTER IV

IMAGERY IN HIS SATIRES

SATIRE I

Away <u>thou fondling motley humorist,</u>	VIII. A. 4
Leave mee, and in <u>this standing wooden chest,</u>	III. H.
Consorted with these few bookes, let me lye:	
<u>In prison,</u> and here be coffin'd when I dye:	V. J. 1
Here are <u>Gods conduits,</u> grave Divines; and here 5	
<u>Natures Secretary,</u> the Philosopher;	
<u>And jolly Statesmen,</u> which teach how to tie	VI. E. 2
<u>The sinewes of a cities mistique bodie;</u>	IV. A.
Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them stand	
Giddie fantastique Poets of each land. 10	
Shall I leave all <u>this constant company,</u>	VIII. A. 1
And follow headlong, <u>wild uncertaine thee?</u>	VIII. A. 3
First sweare by thy best love in earnest	
(If thou which lov'st all, canst love any best)	
Thou wilt not leave me <u>in the middle street</u> 15	V. H.
Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet,	
Not though a Captaine do come in thy way	
<u>Bright parcell gilt, with forty dead mens pay,</u>	V. F.
Not though a <u>briske perfum'd piert Courtier</u>	III. D. 6
Deigne with a nod, thy courtesie to answer. 20	
Nor come a velvet Justice with a long	
<u>Great traine of blew coats, twelve, or fourteen strong,</u>	III. B. 1
Wilt thou grin or fawne on him, or prepare	
A speech to Court his beautilous sonne and heire!	
For better or worse take mee, or leave mee: 25	
<u>To take, and leave mee is adultery.</u>	VIII. A. 1
Oh monstrous, superstitious puritan,	VIII. A. 4
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremoniall man,	III. D. 6
That when thou meet'st one, with enquiring eyes	
Dost search, and like a needy broker prize 30	
<u>The silke, and gold he weares, and to that rate</u>	V. F.
So high or low, dost raise thy formall hat:	
That wilt comfort none, untill thou have knowne	
What lands hee hath in hope, or of his owne,	
As though all thy companions should make thee 35	
<u>Jointures, and marry thy deare company.</u>	VIII. C.
Why shoud'st thou (that dost not onely approve,	
But in ranke itchie lust, desire, and love	
The nakednesse and barenesse to enjoy,	

Of thy plumpe muddy whore, or prostitute boy) 40
Hate vertue, though shee be naked, and bare? VIII. A. 4
 At birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
And till our Soules be unapparrelled III. B. 1
Of bodies, they from blisse are banished.
 Mans first blest state was naked, when by sinne 45
 Hee lost that, yet hee was cloath'd but in beasts skin,
 And in this course attire, which I now weare,
 With God, and with the Muses I conferre.
 But since thou like a contrite penitent, VI. B. 1
 Charitably warn'd of thy sinnes, dost repent 50
 These vanities, and giddinesses, loe
 I shut my chamber doore, and come, lets goe.
 But sooner may a cheap whore, who hath beene
 Worne by as many severall men in sinne, III. D. 2
 As are black feathers, or musk-colour hose, 55 II. B. III. B. 1
 Name her child's right true father, 'mongst all those:
 Sooner may one guesse, who shall beare away
 The Infanta of London, Heire to an India; V. J.
 And sooner may a gulling weather Spie VI. F.
 By drawing forth heavens Scheme tell certainly 60
 What fashioned hats, or ruffes, or suits next yeare
 Our subtile-witted antique youths will weare;
 Than thou, when thou depart'st from mee, canst show III. D. 5
 Whither, why, when, or with whom thou wouldst go.
 But how shall I be pardon'd my offence 65
 That thus have sinn'd against my conscience?
 Now we are in the street; He first of all
 Improvidently proud, creepes to the wall,
 And so imprisoned, and hem'd in by mee
 Sells for a little state his libertie; 70 V. J. 1
 Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
 Every fine silken painted foole we meet,
 He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
 And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
 As prentises, or schoole-boyes which doe know 75 III. D. 5
 Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not goe.
 And as fiddlers stop lowest, at highest sound,
 So to the most brave, stoops hee nigh't at the ground. VII. B. 3
 But to a grave man, he doth move no more
 Than the wise politique horse would heretofore, 80 II. A. 1
 Or thou O Elephant or Ape wilt doe, II. A. 3
 When any names the King of Spaine to you.
 Now leaps he upright, Joggs me, and cryes, Do you see
 Yonder well favoured youth? Oh, 'tis hee
 That dances so divinely; Oh, said I, 85
 Stand still, must you dance here for company?
 Hee droopt, wee went, till one (which did excell
 Th'Indians, in drinking his Tobacco well) III. D. 3
 Met us; they talk'd; I whispered, let's goe,
 'T may be you smell him not, truely I doe; 90

'I may be you small him not, truly I do; 20
 Not yet; they said; I whisper, let me see;
 Th' Indian, in drinking his Tobacco well)
 Has droop'd, was want, till one (which did excell
 Stand still, must you dance here for company?
 That dances so divinely; Oh, said I, 25
 Yester well favoured youth? Oh, 'ere he
 Now leaps he upright, looks me, and cries, Do you not
 When any names the King of Spain to you.
 Or thou O Elephant of the Nile do,
 Then too with hollow horse would heretofore, 30
 And to a grave man, he both have no more
 So to the most grave, stoop has nigh, at the ground.
 And as fliers stop lowest, at highest sound,
 Of some ray sport abroad, yet dare not go.
 As greivous, or school-boys which does know 35
 And yins, rams, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
 He then to him with narrow eyes allures,
 Every line silver painted looks we meet,
 Yet though he cannot wig forth now to meet
 He for a little while his little: 40
 And so inlaid, and new'd in by ease
 Improv'dly good, or goes to the wall,
 Now we are in the street; He first of all
 That thus have said against my consciousness? 45
 But now shall I be pardon'd my offence?
 Whither, why, when, or with whom thou wouldst go.
 Then thou, when thou depart, at from me, cannot show
 Our eagle-eyed and you will see; 50
 What fashioned hat, or ruff, or silver next year
 By drawing forth heavens before will certainly go
 And sooner say a smiling weather 55
 The infants of London, who to an India;
 Sooner may our kinsmen, who shall bear away
 Than not child's right from father, 'mongst all those:
 As are black feathers, or more-colour men, 60
 Turn by as many several men in time,
 Not account say a cheap where, who hath been
 I shut my chamber door, and come, let's see.
 Loose valities, and kiddyings, too
 Quietly with'd of thy dinner, dost repeat 65
 Set wines thou like a comitite peasant,
 With God, and with the Muse I converse.
 And in this course still, when I now write,
 Was lost that, yet was eleventh but in verse skin,
 When first that state was made, when by mine 70
 Of roses, they from bliss are banished.
 And still our bodies be unappetised
 In birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
 These verses, though when he wrote, and bare?
 Of thy change windy where, or prostitute boy) 75

VIII. A. A
 III. B. 1
 VI. B. 1
 III. B. 2
 III. B. 1
 V. 1
 VI. 2
 III. B. 2
 V. 1
 III. B. 2
 VII. B. 2
 II. A. 1
 II. A. 2
 III. B. 2

He heares not mee, but, on the other side
A many-coloured Peacock having spide,
 Leaves him and mee; I for my lost sheep stay;
 He followes, overtakes, goes on the way,
 Saying, him whom I last left, all repute 95
 For his device, in hansoming a sute,
To judge of lace, pinke, panes, print, cut, and pleate
 Of all the Court, to have the best conceit;
 Our dull Comedians want him, let him goe;
 But Oh, God strengthen thee, why stoop'st thou so? 100
 Why? he hath travayld; Long? No but to me
 (Which understand none,) he doth seeme to be
Perfect French, and Italian; I replyed,
 So is the Poxe; He answered not, but spy'd
 More men of sort, of parts, and qualities; 105
 At last his Love he in a window spies,
And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from mee
 Violently ravish'd to his lechery.
 Many were there, he could command no more;
 Hee quarrell'd fought, bled; and turn'd out of dore 110
 Directly came to mee hanging the Head,
 And constantly a while must keepe his bed.

SATIRE II

Sir; though (I thanke God for it) I do hate
 Perfectly all this towne, yet there's one state
 In all ill things so excellently best,
 That hate, toward them, breeds pittie towards the rest.
Though Poetry indeed be such a sinne 5
As I thinke that brings dearth, and Spaniards in,
Though like the Pestilence and old fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men; and doth remove
 Never, till it be sterv'd out; yet their state
 Is poore, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate. 10
 One, (like a wretch, which at Barre judg'd as dead,
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot reade,
 And saves his life) gives ideot actors meanes
 (Starving himselfe) to live by his labor'd sceanes;
As in some Organ, Puppits dance above 15
 And bellows pant below, which them do move.
 One would move Love by rithmes; but witchcrafts charms
 Bring not now their old feares, nor their old harmes:
Rammes, and slings now are seely battery,
Pistolets are the best Artillerie. 20
 And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like singers at doores for meat?
 And they who write, because all write, have still
 That excuse for writing, and for writing ill;
 But hee is worst, who (beggarly) doth chaw 25

And constantly a while kept his bed.
Directly came to me hanging the head,
New quarrell'd fought, died; and turn'd out of town his
Many were there, he could command no more;
Violently reviv'd to his recovery.
And like light dew exhal'd, the flower time was
As fast his love as in a window apiece,
Some men of wit, of parts, and qualities; 100
He was the fox; he answered not, but say'd
Faintest strength, and Italian; I replied,
(Which understand none,) he look seems to be
Boy? he hath twenty; long? he dur to me
But O, God strengthen two, who stoop at three and 100
Our ill condition want him, let him go;
Of all the Court, to have the best company;
To ladies of lace, pinks, pearls, and please
For his device, in harnessing a wife;
Saying, him whom I least love, all respects 95
He follows, overtake, goes on the way,
Leaves him and me; I for my lost sheep stray;
A hand-colour'd peacock having sight;
He never not see, but, on the other side

III. 8.

III. 8.

III. 8.

IV. 8.

I. 8.

SATIRE II

But how is worst, who (poorly) both show 25
That excuse for writing, and for writing ill;
And they who write, because all write, have still
The they not like mine as I do, but they
And they who write to home, towards to go;
Faintest are the best writers. 30
Names, and things now are easily borrow'd,
Bring not now their old names, nor their old names;
One would have love by witness; but without witness
And hollow good below, when then do more.
as in some Ode, people have above 35
(savouring himself) to live by his label's names;
And waves his life (like these most names)
Yet purports his which stands next, and cannot needs,
One, (like a weed, which at first had a seed,
In some, which's like a weed, not worth name. 40
Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state
Eligible it seemeth now; and both remove
Though like the Penelope and Odysseus's love,
As I think best brings death, and death's in;
Though poverty indeed be such a state 45
That state, toward them, bows like a slave the rest.
In all things so excellently best,
Perfectly all this town, yet there's one state
But though (I thank God for it) I do hate

VI. 8. 1

IV. 8.

VIII. 8. 2

VI. 8. 1

V. 8.

VIII. 8. 1

V. 8. 2

VII. 8. 2

IV. 8.

Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw	I.	A.	4
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,			
As his owne things; and they are his owne, 'tis true			
For if one eate my meate, though it be knowne	IV.	B.	
The meate was mine, th'excrement is his owne: 30	IV.	AA	
But these do mee no harme, nor they which use			
To out-swive Dildoes, and out-usure Jewes;			
To out-drinke the sea, to out-sweare the Letanie;	VI. A.	VI.	D.
Who with sinnes all kindes as familiar bee			
As Confessors; and for whose sinfull sake, 35	VI.	B.	
Schoolemen new tenements in hell must make:	V.	D.	
Whose strange sinnes, Canonists sould hardly tell			
In which Commandements large receipt they dwell.			
But these punish themselves; the insolence			
Of Coscus onely breeds my just offence, 40	VI.	C.	
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches poxe,	I.	G.	
And plodding on, must make a calfe an oxe)	II.	A. 1	
Hath made a Lawyer, which was (alas) of late			
But a scarce Poet; jollier of this state,			
Than are new benefic'd ministers, he throwes 45			
Like nets, or lime-twigs, wheresoever, he goes,	VI.	B. 1	
His title of Barrister, on every wench,			
And woos in language of the Pleas, and Bench:	VI.	D.	
A motion, Lady; Speake Coscus; I have beens			
In love, ever since tricesimo of the Queene, 50			
Continuall claimes I have made, injunctions got			
To stay my rivals suit, that hee shoud not			
Proceed; spare mee; In Hillary terme I went,	VI.	C.	
You said, If I return'd next size in Lent,			
I should be in remitter of your grace; 55			
In th'interim my letters should take place			
Of affidavits: words, words, which would teare			
The tender labyrinth of a soft maids eare,	IV.	A. 1	
More, more, than ten Slavonians scolding, more	III.	D. 3	
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeyes rore. 60	I.	B. 3	
When sicke with Poetrie, and possest with muse	IV.	C.	
Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse	VII.	C. 2	
Law practise for meere gaine, bolde soule, repute			
Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.	III.	D. 2	
Now like an owlelike watchman, hee must walke 65	II. B.	V.	D.
His hands still at a bill, now he must talke			
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will sweare	III.	D. 6	
That only suretiship hath brought them there,			
And to every suitor lye in every thing			
Like a Kings favourite, yea like a King; 70	V.	A.	
Like a wedge in a blocke, wring to the barre,	V.	D.	
Bearing-like Asses; and more shamelesse farre	II.	A. 1	
Than carted whores, lye, to the grave Judge; for			
Bastardy abounds not in Kings titles, nor			
Symonie and Sodomy in Churchmens lives, 75	VI.	B. 1	
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.			

As these things do in him; by these he lives.
 Synthesis and Godhood in Churchman lives,
 Sisterly womanhood not in King's titles, nor
 Their mortal whorship, I've, to the grave lodged; for
 bearing-like kisses; and more shameless love
 like a wedge in a block, with to the grave,
 like a King's favorite, yes like a King; 10
 And to every suffer I've in every thing
 That only sweetly hath brought them there,
 like, like prisoners, which whole nations will swear
 His hands will at a bill, nor be must raise
 Now live an endless woman, nor must write 20
 more than laborer's strenuous privilege.
 Law practice for more gains, while waste, require
 Thou wast, and mad, I had; but man who's nurse
 when alone with foetus, and possessed with muse
 Then when wide in our rain's Abysses rose. 30
 How, sure, then can Schopenhauer scold, how
 Of effluvia: words, words, which would tear
 in the fabric of laborer's should take place
 I should be a minister of your growth; 35
 For what, if I labor's hand also in hand,
 Proceed; agree with; in military terms I want,
 To stay my rival's mind, that he should not
 Confrontal claims I have made, information not
 In love, over since the essence of the game, 40
 A notion, lady, against Godard; I have done
 And women in language of the place, and women;
 His title of mistress, on every woman,
 Like mine, or time-like, whatever, in your
 Then are now several's ministers, in your 45
 But a notice four; holder of this state,
 Each made a lawyer, which was (late, or late
 And sitting on, must make a wife an one)
 When time (which was all, and whose soldier goes,
 It's cause only breeds by just offense, 50
 But these British themselves; the resistance
 In which Government large remain they dwell.
 Those strange times, Comrade's could hardly tell
 Schopenhauer now residence in half must make;
 As the account; now for whose sinful sake, 55
 The with almost all claims as leading was
 To all-brain the way, to put-downs and defense;
 To out-battle Dillon, and put-downs down;
 But these to me in heart, and they again are
 The state was clear, in Government in its own; 60
 For it was only matter, that it is known
 As his own child; and they was his name, 'this time
 As they were, and in his own name
 Schopenhauer with them, and in his own name

VI. A. 1
 IV. 2
 IV. 3
 VI. A. 4
 VI. 5
 VI. 6
 VI. 7
 VI. 8
 VI. 9
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 VI. 92
 VI. 93
 VI. 94
 VI. 95
 VI. 96
 VI. 97
 VI. 98
 VI. 99
 VI. 100

Shortly (<u>as the sea</u>) hee will compasse all our land;	I.	C.
From Scots, to Wight; from Mount, to Dover strand.		
And spying heires melting with luxurie,		
Satan will not joy at their sinnes, as hee. 80		
For as a thrifty wench scrapes kitching-stuffe,	IV.	B.
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe,	V.	K.
Of wasting candles, which in thirty yeare		
(Relique-like kept) perchance buyes wedding geare;	V.	K.
Peecemeale he gets lands, and spends as much time 85		
Wringing each Acre, as men pulling prime.	V.	D.
In parchments then, <u>large as his fields</u> , hee drawes	I.	I.
Assurances, bigge, as <u>gloss'd civill lawes</u> ,	VI.	C.
So huge, that men (in our times forwardnesse)		
Are Fathers of the Church for writing lesse 90		
These hee writes not; nor for these written payes,		
Therefore spares no length; <u>as in those first dayes</u>		
When Luther was profest, He did desire		
Short Pater nosters, saying as a Fryer		
Each day his beads, but having left those lawes, 95		
Addes to Christs prayer, the Power and glory clause.	VI.	B.
But when he sells or changes land, he'impaires		
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, ses heires,		
As slily as any Commenter goes by	V.	A.
Hard words, or sense; or in Divinity 100		
As controverters, in vouch'd Texts, leave out	VI.	B. 1
Shrewd words, which might against them cleare the doubt.		
Where are those spred woods, which cloth'd heretofore		
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within dore.	I.	A. 2
Where's th'old landlords troops, and almes, In great hals 105		
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bachanalls	VI. D.:	A. 1
Equally I hate; meanes blesse; in rich mens homes		
I bid kill some beasts, but no Hecatombs,	VI.	A.
None starve, none surfet so; But (Oh) we allow,		
Good workes as good, but out of fashion now, 110		
Like old rich wardrops; but my words none drawes	III.	B. 1
Within the vast reach of th'huge statute lawes.		

SATIRE III

Kind pittie chokes my spleene; brave scorn forbids		
Those teares to issue which swell by eye-lids		
I must not laugh, nor weepe sinnes, and be wise,	VIII.	A. 2
Can railing then cure <u>these worne maladies?</u>		
Is not our Mistresse faire Religion, 5	VIII.	A. 4
As worthy of all our Soules devotion,		
As vertue was to the first blinded age?		
Are not heavens joyes as valiant to asswage		
Lusts, as earths honour was to them? Alas,		
As wee do them in meanes, shall they surpasses 10		
Us in the end, and shall thy fathers spirit		

- Shortly (as the sea) how will compasses tell our land;
From Scotia, to night; from Mount, to Dover strand.
And spying horses waiting with lanterns,
Satan will not joy at their alarm, or hear. 30
- For as a thirty warden scapes Nicholas-a-late,
And cartelling the droppings, and the waste,
Of wailing candles, which in thirty years
(Religion-like kept) betwixt the wailing years;
Tossing the sea lands, and spouting as much time 35
- Whirling each shore, as men pulling vines.
In parchment's sheet, large as his flimsy, his dress
Assurance, bigger, as glass'd oval leaves,
So huge, that men (in our time forthrightness)
Are fathers of the Church for wailing years 40
- There has wiles not; nor for these wailing years,
Therefore spares no length; as in those first years
When Luther was present, he did desire
Shorter Father's words, saying as a tryer
Each day his beads, but having left those laws, 45
- Added to Urbs's prayer, the Power and glory clause.
But when he calls or changes land, he's lost;
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, and notes,
As easily as any Commentator goes by
- Hard words, or names; or in Divinity 100
As commentators, in vouch'd Texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt.
Woe are those spied words, which elude'st the rest
Those doubtful lands; not built, nor born within doors.
- Woe'st thou'st, I'll land'side troops, and ships; in great halls 105
Carthage's fleet, and Tyne's, and Rhine's, and Rhine's
Equally I hate; woe'st thou'st; in rich men's houses
I did kill some beasts, but no Hebe'stads;
None alive, none wiser; not (Oh) we allow,
Good works as good, but out of fashion now, 110
- Like old rich warden's; but my words none draw
Within the vast reach of change's statue laws.

SAYING III

- Kind pity shows my spleen; have soon forbids
Those leaves to learn which swell by eye-fits
I want not leave, nor woe'st thou'st, and so wise,
Can telling them sure these words be added?
- In not our Mistress's fair Religion, 5
As worthy of all our souls devotion,
As virtue was to the first blinded eye
And not heaven's hope as valiant to assuage
Lame, as virtue's honor was to them; alas,
As we do then in manner, still they surmount 10
Us in the end, and still thy Father's spirit

Meete blinde Philosophers in heaven, whose merit
 Of strict life may be imputed faith, and heare
 Thee, whom hee taught so easie wayes and neare
 To follow, damn'd? O if thou dar'st, feare this; 15
This feare great courage, and high valour is.
 Dar'st thou ayd mutinous Dutch, and dar'st thou lay
 Thee in ships wooden Sepulchers, a prey
 To leaders rage, to stormes, to shot, to dearth?
 Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth? 20
 Hast thou couragious fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen North discoveries? and thrise
Colder than Salamanders, like divine
Children in th'oven, fires of Spaine, and the line,
 Whose countries limbecks to our bodies bee, 25
 Canst thou for gaine beare? and must every hee
 Which cryes not, Goddesse, to thy Mistresse, draw
 Or eate thy poysonous words? courage of straw!
 O desperate coward, wilt thou seeme bold, and
 To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand 30
Sentinell in his worlds garrison) thus yeeld,
 And for the forbidden warres, leave th'appointed field?
 Know thy foes: The foule Devill (whom thou
 Strivest to please,) for hate, not love would allow
 Thee faine, his whole Realme to be quit; and as 35
The worlds all parts wither away and passe,
So the worlds selfe, thy other lov'd foe, is
 In her decrepit wayne, and thou loving this,
 Dost love a withered and worne strumpet; last,
Flesh (it selfes death) and joyes which flesh can taste, 40
Thou lovest; and thy faire goodly soule, which doth
Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.
 Seeke true religion. O where? Mirreus
Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
Seekes her at Rome; there, because hee doth know 45
 That shee was there a thousand yeares agoe,
 He loves her ragges so, as wee here obey
 The statecloth where the Prince sate yesterday.
Crantz to such brave Loves will not be intrall'd,
 But loves her onely, who at Geneva is call'd 50
Religion, plaine, simple, sullen yong,
Contemptuous, yet unhansome; As among
 Lecherous humors, there is one that judges
 No wenches wholesome, but course country drudges.
 Graius stayer still at home here, and because 55
 Some Preachers, vile ambitious bauds, and lawes
Still new like fashions, bid him thinke that shee
Which dwels with us, is onely perfect, hee
Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender, as Wards still 60
Take such wives as their Guardians offer, or
Pay valewes. Carelesse Phrygius doth abhorre

VIII. A. 1

I. C. 1

VIII. A. 1

VI. B. 3

V. C. 1

IV.

V. C. 1

VIII. B.

VIII. A. 4

III. B.

VIII. B.

VIII. A. 4

V. G. 1

All, because all cannot be good, as one
Knowing some women whores, dares marry none. VIII. C.
 Gracious loves all as one, and thinkes that so 65
As women do in divers countries goe
In divers habits, yet are still one kinde,
So doth, so is Religion; and this blind- III. B. 1
nesse too much light breeds; but unmoved thou
 Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow; 70
 And the right; aske thy father which is shee,
 Let him aske his; though truth and falsehood bee
Neare twins, yet truth a little elder is; III. D. 4
 Be busie to seeke her, beleeeve mee this,
 Hee's not of none, nor worst, that seekes the best. 75
 To adore, or scorne an image, or protest,
 May all be bad; doubt wisely; in strange way
 To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
 To sleepe, or runne wrong, is. On a huge hill,
 Cragged, and steep, Truth stands, and hee that will 80 VIII. A. 1
Reach her, about must, and about must goe;
And what the hills suddennes resists, winne so;
Yet strive so, that before age, deaths twilight,
Thy Soule rest, for none can worke in that night. I. I.
 To will, implies delay, therefore now doe: 85
 Hard deeds, the bodies paines; hard knowledge too
 The mindes indeavours reach, and mysteries
 Are like the Sunne, dazling, yet plaine to all eyes. I. D. 1
 Keepe the truth which thou hast found; men do not stand
 In so ill case here, that God hath with his hand 90
 Sign'd Kings blanck-charters to kill whom they hate,
 Nor are they Vicars, but hangman to Fate.
 Foole and wretch, wilt thou let thy Soule be tyed
 To mans lawes, by which she shall not be tryed
 At the last day? Oh, will it then boot thee 95
 To say a Philip, or a Gregory,
 A Harry, or a Martin taught thee this?
 Is not this excuse for mere contraries,
 Equally strong? cannot both sides say so?
 That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds know; 100
 Those past, her nature, and name is chang'd to be
 Then humble to her is idolatrie.
 As streames are, Power is; those blest flowers that dwell I. E. 1 a
At the rough streames calme head, thrive and do well,
But having left their roots, and themselves given 105
To the streames tyrannous rage, alas are driven
Through mills, and rockes, and woods, and at last, almost
Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost:
So perish Soules, which more chuse mens unjust I. A. 1
Power from God claym'd than God himselfe to trust. 110

CONCLUSIONS

The five satires, three of which are represented here, were written at the beginning of Donne's career. No one of them is particularly objective, for they all concern matters which affronted the personal taste of the poet. Satire one attacks society in general and the court in particular. Satire two is directed first at the poetasters and then at lawyers. The third satire attacks churches in a general way and contains a veiled attack on the Queen as head of the Established Church.

The preponderance of images in Satire one are classified under domestic and imaginative images. We find that society is personified as a 'motley humorist' who is capable of judging only 'laces, pinke, panes, print, cut and pleate of all the court'. We learn that Donne's flighty, vain, society friend is attracted by 'a velvet justice with a great train of blew coats, twelve or fourteen strong' and that:

... sooner may a cheape whore, who hath beene
Worne by as many severall men in sinne,
As are black feathers, or musk-colour hose,
Name her child's right true father, 'mongst all those:
Sooner may one guesse, who shall beare away
The Infanta of London, Heire to an India;
And sooner may a gulling weather Spie
By drawing forth heavens Scheme tell certainly
What fashioned hats, or ruffes, or suits next yeare
Our subtile-witted antique youths will weare;
Than thou, when thou depart'st from mee, canst show
Whither, why, when, or with whom thou wouldst go.

Satire I, ll. 53-64

This entire passage, an elaborate conceit, shocks the imagination of the reader by its lack of rational equivalence. The hyperboles used seem to have little or nothing in common, and their combination is characteristic of the imaginative and keen wit of the poet.

The images in Satire two, as might be expected when such a subject

The five essays, three of which are reprinted here, were written at the beginning of Donne's career. No one of them is particularly objective, for they all concern matters which affected the personal taste of the poet. *Salvage* and *Attacks* are in general and the most particular. *Salvage* two is directed first at the postscript and then at the lawyer. The first *Attacks* attacks a common in a general way and contains a veiled attack on the Queen as head of the Established Church.

The prepossession of images in *Salvage* are also classified under domestic and imaginative images. As that that is personified as a 'noting humorist' who is capable of judging only 'house, pinna, penne, print, and please of all the court'. We learn that Donne's flighty vein, society friend is attracted by 'a velvet justice with a great train of blue coats, twelve or fourteen strong, and that:

... about my cheap shirt, who with beams
burns by me every several man in mine,
As one black feather, or mark-colour nose,
Pans not child's light, but rather all those;
Sooner my eye chase, and still waste away
The infant of London, rather to an India;
And sooner my smiling weather this
By drawing forth heaven's beams tell certainly
What fashioned into, or twined, or suite next year
Our ancient-witted and new youths will wear;
Then thou, when thou depart'st from me, canst show
Whether, why, when, or with whom thou wilt go.
Salvage I, ll. 25-32

This entire passage, an elaborate conceit, shows the imagination of the reader by the lack of rational explanation. The hyperbole used here to have little or nothing in common, and their combination is characteristic of the imaginative and keen wit of the poet.

The images in *Salvage* two, as might be expected when such a subject

is treated, fall under the general classifications of learning, daily life, and the body, in that order. Poetry 'is a sinne and catches men and doth remove never, till it be sterv'd out; yet their state is poore, disarm'd like Papists, not worth hate'. This thought is developed into an attack on poetasters who eat the 'meate' of Donne but whose excrement is their own. Donne also tells us of 'new tenements in hell' and describes a lawyer who, 'as sily as any Commenter' leaves out the heirs when he sells or changes lands. Here we see his lack of reverence for things Catholic, his knowledge of the common man, and his innate distaste for the court.

Imaginative images occur again and again in Satire three, and we see a Donne who had enough bitter experience to find cynical analogies between Religion and a many faced mistress, who could, however, picture truth as standing remote and high and yet not unattainable on a steep and cragged hill, and who, in young manhood, could picture old age as death's twilight.

Roughness of meter, impatient rhyming, and expression of Donne's own resentments detract from the value of these satires; yet, as illustrated, they contain many interesting and informative images. The poems, as a group, are too experimental and topical to reflect much of Donne's individuality. They do however, give us a fair picture of his opinions and his life in London at that time. The roughness of versification indicates perhaps the start of his revolt against polished style. The complicated numbers and types of images, combined with his sometimes involved thinking, has often discouraged his readers. Fausset comments:

"Yet Jonson erred in imputing his rhythmical peculiarities to want of ear, adding that 'Donne for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging'. Donne could and indeed did, when least sincere practise an entirely conventional prosody. But

is treated, fall under the general classification of learning, daily life, and the body, in that order. Poetry is a thing and a person and both remain never, till it be every day; yet their state is good, because like people, not worth hate. This thought is developed into an attack on poets who are not the 'masters' of words but whose excitement is their own. Donne also tells us of 'new gentlemen in hell' and describes a lawyer who 'is still as any Golemster' leaves out the hair when he sells or changes lands. Here we see his lack of reverence for things Catholic, his knowledge of the common man, and his innate dislike for the court.

Imaginative images occur again and again in Donne's poems, and we see a poem who had enough bitter experience to find cynical analogies between religion and a very loose mistress, who would, however, picture him as standing remote and high and yet not unattainable on a steep and craggy hill, and who, in young manhood, could picture old age as death's twilight. Roughness of matter, impatient teasing, and expression of Donne's own resentments derived from the value of these satires; yet, as illustrated, they contain many interesting and informative images. The poems, as a group, are too experimental and logical to reflect much of Donne's individuality. They do, however, give us a fair picture of his opinions and his life in London at that time. The roughness of versification indicates perhaps the state of his revolt against polished style. The complicated metaphors and types of images, combined with his sometimes involved language, has often discouraged his readers. (Donne's comment: 'Yet I have tried in writing his mystical peculiarities to want of art, adding that "Donne for not keeping of account, deserved hanging".') Donne could and indeed did, when least aware, practice an entirely conventional prosody. But

Yet I have tried in writing his mystical peculiarities to want of art, adding that 'Donne for not keeping of account, deserved hanging'. Donne could and indeed did, when least aware, practice an entirely conventional prosody. But

style, truly realized, is dictated by its matter, and the more intellectual a poet's imagination be, the less smooth and mellifluous is his language."¹

Donne's inquisitive, active intelligence, forever turning upon itself, darting forward, back, and forward again, does, of necessity, break up the smooth rhythm of his verses.

The satires, however, represent the more coldly conscious work of Donne. His subject matter is cynical and his versification, as mentioned above, is a very good example of his revolt against the stifling conventions of Elizabethan style. It is easy to picture a satirical, cynical young Donne sitting at his desk after a brief and, no doubt, not too deep a taste of life and penning his impertinent remarks on the 'fondling motley humorist'. He tells us that he thanks God for his perfect hate of all this towne and dressed in his coarse attire he scorns the 'many-colored peacocks' and the 'briske piert Courtier'. He finally returns again to his study to await the coming of his friend who, although he 'like light dew exhal'd' flung Donne aside, 'came to mee hanging the Head and constantly a while must keepe his bed'.

This picture of an outstanding member of London society and the images used:

'....thou fondling motley humorist'
'wild uncertaine thee'
'Oh monstrous, superstitious puritan,
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremoniall man,'

reveal a Donne who was obviously trying to express his repulsion but who

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1. H. L. Fausset. John Donne A Study In Discord. London: Jonathon Cape Ltd. (1895). pp. 49-50.

style, truly verified, is illustrated by the manner,
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Burns's impulsive, active intelligence, however turning upon itself,
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The earlier, however, represent the more solidly constructed work of
Burns. His subject matter is original and his versification, as we have
seen, is a very good example of his knowledge of the English language
of Elizabethan style. It is easy to see that a poetical, even a young
poet, sitting at his desk after a drink and a smoke, can do better than
of life and penning his important remarks on the 'familiar matter
humorist'. He tells us that he cannot get for the perfect state of all this
poems and stresses in his own mind the 'long-continued practice'
and the 'unlike first composition'. He finally returns again to his study to
await the coming of his friend who, although he 'knew light for what it
was', came to see hanging the head and constantly a while
must keep his bed.

This picture of an outstanding member of London society and the
Londoner reads:

'... (The familiar matter humorist)
'Will understand them'
'The morning, especially in the morning,
'Of the day's business, yet somewhat away.'

It is a poem which was obviously trying to express his reputation and was

inadvertantly, in his over-emphasis on savage, mocking images, tells us that he has his share of ambition and desire to attain the life of luxury he had seen in his brief excursion beyond his academic realm.

At this early stage in his career we can see that Donne was already being pulled two ways. Like the school boy he describes, he knew of a 'gay sport abroad, yet dare not go'. And yet he declared,

.....and as
The worlds all parts wither away and passe,
So the worlds selfe, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit wayne, and thou loving this
Dost love a withered and worne strumpet; last
Flesh (it selfes death) and joyes which flesh can taste,
Thou lovest; and thy faire goodly soule, which doth
Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.

Satire III. 11. 35-42

From the evidence found in these conflicting images it is clearly evident that Donne was feeling the first faint tremors of the battle that was to occupy his attention during the greater part of his career. These images fall under the classification of the body and human relations and are couched in terms of decay and misuse of the body. They show Donne's love of life and his 'half-moral, half-animal' disgust of death which was to reach the proportions of a great crisis in his life.

Donne laughed cynically at Mirreus, Crantz, and Craius who sought their Mistresse Religion in many places but in all of them found her to be 'plaine, simple, sullen yong, contemptuous, yet unhansome'. Surely Donne must have had some experiences with rather unpredictable women to draw such an analogy so accurately and vividly. Certainly he possessed, even at this immature stage in his career, a very active imagination. This is also illustrated in his attacks on lawyers:

.....'but men which chuse
Law practise for meere gaine, bold soule, repute

invariably, in his ever-ambitious on wheels, seeking things, tells us that he has his share of ambition and desire to attain the life of luxury he had seen in his brief excursion beyond his domestic realm.

At this early stage in his career we can see that Donna was already being pulled two ways. Like the school boy he described, he knew of a 'big sport abroad, yet dare not go'. And yet he decided,

.....and as
The world all parts wither away and cease,
So the world waits, thy other joy'd too, is
In her desecrated ways, and thou lovest this
Post love a withered and worse servant; last
Glow (it seems best) and loves which flesh can taste,
Thou lovest; and thy little earthly soul, which soon
Gives this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loathe.
Gullies III. II. 35-42

From the evidence found in these conflicting images it is clearly evident that Donna was feeling the first faint tremors of the battle that was to occupy his attention during the greater part of his career. These images tell under the classification of the body and human relations and are couched in terms of decay and alarm of the body. They show Donna's love of life and his 'half-mortal, half-animal' danger of death which was to reach the proportions of a great crisis in his life.

Donna laughed cynically at Miriam, Francis, and Ursula who sought their Mistress Religion in any place but in all of them found her to be 'plain, simple, smiling young, contemplative, yet unassuming'. Clearly Donna must have had some experience with rather unorthodox women to draw such an analogy so accurately and vividly. Certainly he possessed, even at this immature stage in his career, a very active imagination. This is also

illustrated in the extracts on lawyers:

.....'but now which comes
Law pointed for more pains, cold souls, repulse

Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute'.

Satire II. 11. 63-65

The images in these poems are not merely bits of cleverness. They are self revealing. They preview the images and comments he is soon to make on women. He evidently had given in to momentary dissipation, had embraced and been repelled by London life, and thus found occasion to express his immature criticisms of lawyers, priests, courtiers, and a town which he pictured as 'a painted strumpet' whose citizens were 'fine, painted fools'.

more than improvised stagnant gratitude.
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CHAPTER V

IMAGERY IN SELECTED SONGS AND SONNETS

Because so many of the songs and sonnets are made up in whole or in part of conceits, I have not reproduced them with the classifications of their images. To do so would be very difficult and would have little significance for the reader. I have, instead, merely brought the most outstanding conceits and images to the readers' attention in the conclusions drawn from my study of all the images in the poems.

The poems which I have used are:

"The Good-Morrow"
 "Womans Constancy"
 "The Undertaking"
 "The Computation"
 "The Indifferent"
 "The Canonization"
 "The Triple Foole"
 "Song-Goe And Catche A Falling Starre"
 "Song-Sweetest Love, I Do Not Goe"
 "A Valediction: Of Weeping"
 "A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning"
 "Loves Alchymie"
 "The Curse"
 "The Apparition"
 "The Extasie"

The images in Donne's songs and sonnets are so closely attached to the thought and the fact, that they indicate a certain degree of actual experience in the things discussed. We see Donne at one time exulting in the physical pleasures of the body and at another, coldly analyzing love with cynical and sometimes sincere disgust.

Women are the object of brutal, sarcastic remarks in most cases.

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The poems which I have used are:

- "The Good-Morrow"
- "Woman's Constancy"
- "The Undertaking"
- "The Complaint"
- "The Lady's Complaint"
- "The Canonization"
- "The Triple Hecate"
- "Song-Goose And Gander A Falling Star"
- "Song-Goose And Gander A Falling Star"
- "A Valediction: Of Weeping"
- "A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning"
- "Love's Alchemy"
- "The Course"
- "The Apparition"
- "The Extasie"

The images in Donne's songs and sonnets are so closely attached to the thought and the fact, that they indicate a certain degree of actual experience in the things discussed. We are borne at one time exulting in the physical pleasures of the body and at another, coldly analyzing love with cynical and sometimes sincere disgust. Women are the object of brutal, erotic remarks in most cases.

Only in a few poems written after his marriage to Ann More do we see the more tender, sincere side of his description of love. This is exemplified in the deep contrast between such poems as "The Indifferent" and "A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning". With the exception of perhaps one or two women for whom he apparently felt sincere but not lasting love, Donne found most women to be fickle and 'fain'd vestalls'.

With sarcasm and great disdain, Donne bids his reader to:

Goe, and catche a falling starre,
Get with child a mandrake roote,
Tell me, where all past yeares are,
Or who cleft the Divels foot,
Teach me to heare Mermaides singing,
Or to keep off envies stinging,
And finde
What winde
Serves to advance an honest minde.

If thou beest borne to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand daies and nights,
Till age snow white haire on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell mee
All strange wonders that befell thee,

And sweare
No where
Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou findest one, let mee know,
Such a Pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet doe not, I would not goe,
Though at next doore wee might meet,
Though shee were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,

Yet shee
Will bee
False, ere I come, to two, or three.¹

Sooner can a person tell where all past years are or teach anyone to keep off 'envies stinging' than he can find a woman who is constant. This poem

1. "Song"

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more tender, sincere side of his description of love. This is exemplified
in the deep contrast between such poems as "The Indifferent" and "A Vale-
dition: Forbidding Mourning". With the exception of perhaps one or two
poems for whom he apparently felt sincere but not lasting love, Goan found
most women to be fickle and 'vain's versatile'.

With sarcasm and great bluntness, Goan bids his reader to:

Go, and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandarin's oath,
Tell me, where's all your pearls,
Or who clef the Divine foot,
Teach us to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What winds
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou beest borne to strange sights,
Things invisible to us,
Ride on thousand tales and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me,
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true, and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet do not, I should not go,
Though at next door was right next,
Though she were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will use
False, ere I come, to two, or three.

Goan can a person tell where all past years are or needs anyone to keep
off 'envy's stinging', then he can find a woman who is constant. This poem

is a good illustration of the use of the conceit, particularly in the first stanza. "A Womans Constancy" is another poem which contains Donne's opinions concerning women's ability to be constant in love, but it is not quite as sarcastic as the above poem.

Fausset tells us that Donne's realist days are "neither gracious nor edifying, but they are extremely enlightening." I have found this to be particularly true of the songs and sonnets. The earliest of them were written by a young man who was searching for and who evidently found trivial sensationalism. He exults in physical freedom, and in the poem, "The Indifferent", he tells his readers that he can love all types of women on one condition, 'so she be not true'. He presents constancy as a vice and exhorts the woman to 'rob mee, binde mee not, and let mee goe', 'let me and doe you twenty know' for he does not wish to be any woman's 'fixt subject'. Above all he scorns those 'Poore Heretiques in love..... who thinke to stablsh dangerous constancy'. In other words, he tells us that he is willing to love anyone but not for long. The images he uses-- 'no other vice', 'Fixt subject', Loves sweetest Part, Variety' etc.-- indicate clearly the contemptuousness with which he looked on constancy in himself or in any woman on whom he chose to bestow his favors.

As indicated by the poems already quoted, the songs and sonnets show a gradual change in Donne's attitude toward love. At first he looked on it as something entirely physical; with maturity and experience, he soon found that love is not merely a thing of the moment. Slowly he found it more and more imperative to be cynical, for his enjoyment of love was evidently beginning to pall on him, and he needed something to add zest to his experiences and his expression of them. With the lessening of

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Donne's satire on the poet's idealized love is "another fine
for nothing, but they are extremely uninteresting." I have found this to
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vice and exhorts the woman to 'rob me, bind me not, and let me go',
'let me and do you twenty times' for he does not wish to be any woman's

'first subject'. Above all he scorns those 'Poore Heretics in love'.....
who think to establish dangerous constancy'. In other words, he tells us

that he is willing to love anyone but not for long. The image he uses--
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his experiences and his expression of them. With the lessening of

enjoyment Donne evinced a more detached attitude toward the process; he began to analyze and dissect love. He created images and conceits that presented love as a 'vain Buble' whose shadow all lovers seek and find no more easily than the 'chymique yet th'Elixar got', and as this chemist:

...glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinall,
So, lovers dreame a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming summers night.

In the same poem he declares:

That loving wretch that sweares,
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes,
Which he in her Angelique findes,
Would sweare as justly, that he heares,
In that dayes rude hoarse minstralsey, the spheares.

He finally bids his readers to:

Hope not for minde in women; at their best
Sweetnesse and wit, they'are but Mummy, possest.¹

The images and conceits in this poem illustrate clearly the low opinion with which Donne characterized love and women. Love is a 'buble' and lovers' efforts to find true love are as vain as a chemist's search for the elixar. Any man that believes marriage is not only of the bodies but also of the minds is a fool, for women do not possess minds.

Contrast with this the poem written after his marriage to Ann.

As virtuous men passe mildly away,
And whisper to their soules, to goe,
Whilst some of their sad friends doe say,
The breath goes now, and some say, no:
So let us melt, and make no noise,
No teare-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
T'were prophanation of our joyes
To tell the layetie our love.

1. "Loves Alchymie"

enjoyment Donne valued a more detached attitude toward the process; he began to analyze and dissect love. He created images and conceits that presented love as a 'vain bubble', whose shadow will forever seek and find no more easily than the 'ephemeral yet th' Elixir of Gold', and as this character:

...glorified his program, yet
 It by the way to him belittled
 Some other thing, or accident,
 So, lovers dream a rich and long delight,
 But get a winter-sleeping woman's night.

In the same poem he declares:

That loving wreath that wreathes
 'Tis not the bodies marry, but the wits,
 Which he in her Angelique finds,
 Would marry as much, that he tastes,
 In that day, this mortal ministry, the spheres.

He finally bids his readers to:

Hope not for minds in women; at their heart
 Sweetness and wit, they have but Mummy, power.

The images and conceits in this poem illustrate clearly the low opinion with which Donne characterized love and women. Love is a 'bubble' and lovers' efforts to find true love are as vain as a chemist's search for the elixir. Any man that believes marriage is not only of the bodies but also of the minds is a fool, for women do not possess minds.

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As virtuous men pass mildly away,
 And whisper to their souls to go,
 Whilst some of their friends do say,
 The breath goes now, and some say, no;
 So let us melt, and make no noise,
 No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
 'Tis true, our joyance is our pain,
 To tell the joyful our love.

twin compasses Moving of th'earth brings harmes and feares,
 Men reckon what it did and meant,
 But trepidation of the spheares,
 Though greater farre, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers love
 (Whose soule is sense) cannot admit
 Absence, because it doth remove
 Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love, so much refin'd,
 That our selves know not what it is,
 Inter-assured of the mind,
 Care lesse, eyes, lips, and hands to misse.
 Our two soules therefore, which are one,
 Though I must goe, endure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to ayery thinnesse beate.

If they be two, they are two so
 As stiffe twin compasses are two
 Thy soule the fixt foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth, if th'other doe.

And though it in the center sit,
 Yet when the other far doth rome,
 It leanes, and hearkens after it,
 And growes erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to mee, who must
 Like th'other foot, obliquely runne;
 Thy firmnes drawes my circle just,
 And makes me end, where I begunne.¹

This poem contains many images which contrast vividly with those used in "Loves Alchemy". Donne's love is no longer comparable to that of 'dull sublunary lovers love (whose soule is sense)'; he had found the mixture of soul and sense and 'inter-assured of the mind', he realized that two souls which are one do not break at parting but expand 'like gold to ayery thinnesse beate'. This poem also contains the famous conceit of the

1. "A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning"

Moving of the earth brings horses and felines,
Men reason what is fit and meant,
But degradation of the spheres;
Though greater force, is innocent.

Diff' ordinary lovers love
(Whose souls is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it does remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love, so much refined,
That our selves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less, eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so,
As little twin compasses are two,
Thy soul the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if the other do.

And though it in the center sit,
Yet when the other far from thee,
Doth lean, and hearken after it,
And grows erect, as that same thou.

Each will thou be to me, who shall
Like th' other foot, so slightly run;
My firmness draws my circle just,
And makes no end, where I begun.

This poem contains many images which contrast vividly with those
used in "Love's Alchemy". Donne's love is no longer comparable to that of
'diff' ordinary lovers (whose souls is sense); he has found the
mixture of soul and sense and 'inter-assured of the mind', he realized that
two souls which are one do not break at parting but expand 'like gold to
airy thinness beat'. This poem also contains the famous conceit of the

twin compasses which is a fine illustration of a metaphysical conceit which is ingenious but too complex to be beautiful and which was written to show that although the souls of the lovers may be two, they are as indivisible as a compass. It is interesting to note that the woman's soul is the 'fixt foot' while the man's soul 'far doth rome'.

Almost as if in refutation of this, Donne wrote the song beginning, 'Sweetest Love I Do Not Goe'. This song contains some of Donne's most beautiful and tender expressions of love and yet is marked by a simplicity and lack of complicated conceits. A refrain of death threads its way through even this beautiful tribute to Ann.

O how feeble is mans power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot adde another houre,
Nor a lost houre recall!

But Donne wrote many poems before he met Ann, and before he began to realize the deep spiritual side of love. His realization of this truth was won only after many apparently degrading yet strangely enticing experiences which he bitterly regretted in later life. This strangely sensitive young poet became more and more detached in his observations of love and his images change from portrayals of physical ugliness to geographical and scientific images. Three very interesting examples of this are found in "A Valediction: Of Weeping".

For thy face coines them, and thy stampe they beare,
And by this Mintage they are something worth,
For thus they bee
Pregnant of thee;
Fruits of much griefe they are, emblemes of more,

On a round ball
A workeman that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afrique, and an Asia,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, All,

So doth each teare,
 Which thee doth weare,
 A globe, yea world by that impression grow,
 Till thy teares mixt with mine doe overflow
 This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven dissolved so.
 O more than Moone,
 Draw not up seas to drowne me in thy spheare,
 Weepe me not dead, in thine armes, but forbear
 To teach the sea, what it may doe too soone;

Another poem which illustrates scientific images is "The Computation" which is simply a witty little exercise.

This concern with trivialities, and the quibbling images and conceits used to express them, is gradually overshadowed by pathos. No longer was the poet concerned with the body alone; thoughts of the soul began to enter his mind and his poetry. At this time, he turned against the women he had known, and considered himself an example of purity beside them. It was not a penitent Donne who turned against these women, but a Donne who was satiated with sensationalism and who was beginning to feel faint pangs of awareness of things beyond the body.

However, the new-born pangs were weak, and Donne soon subjected them to a very severe test which nearly strangled them at birth but finally resulted in the growth of a love which flowered under Ann's gentle ministrations. This experience, brought about by a young woman whom he had met at a society function and whose captive he became both spiritually and physically, is exceptionally easy to trace through the songs and sonnets. The young woman was not capable of measuring up to Donne's new attitude concerning love, and this, combined with the fact that she was married and that they were closely watched resulted eventually in the culmination of the affair. "The Curse" was written in protestation against the spying and the punishment Donne wishes on these spies far outweighs the crime.

To reach the sea, what it may do for you;
 keeps us not dead, in this sense, but forsooth
 show not up here to brown as in the sphere,
 O more than Moore,
 This world, by water sent from that, my heaven dissolved as.
 Till the heart with mine does overflow
 A globe, you would by that imagination grow,
 which time does waste,
 So soft each tender,

Another poem which illustrates scientific images in "The Complaint" which
 is simply a witty little exercise.

This concern with scientific, and the scientific images and
 concepts used to express them, is gradually overshadowed by nature. No
 longer was the poet concerned with the body alone; thoughts of the soul
 began to enter his mind and his poetry. At this time, he turned against
 the women he had known, and considered himself an example of purity beside
 them. It was not a penitent Donne who turned against these women, but a
 Donne who was satisfied with sensualism and who was beginning to feel
 faint pangs of awareness of things beyond the body.

However, the new-born poems were weak, and Donne soon neglected
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 concerning love, and this, combined with the fact that she was married and
 that they were closely watched resulted eventually in the culmination of
 the affair. "The Complaint" was written in protestation against the spying
 and the penitent Donne wishes on these spies for outrageous the crime.

Donne continued to protest his constancy to her but in more and more artificial verse and images. His love for the woman changed to uncalled for hatred, and disgust and the poem "The Apparition" was written as a final denouncement of her as a 'fain'd vestall'.

When by thy scorne, O murtheresse, I am dead,
 And that thou thinkst thee free
 From all solicitation from mee,
 Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
 And thee, fain'd vestall, in worse armes shall see;
 Then thy sicke taper will begin to winke,
 And he, whose thou are then, being tyr'd before,
 Will, if thou stirre, or pinch to wake him, thinke
 Thou call'st for more,
 And in false sleepe will from thee shrink,
 And then poore Aspen wretch, neglected thou
 Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lye
 A veryer ghost than I;
 What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
 Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent,
 I'had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
 Than by my threatnings rest still innocent.

It is not strange that Donne should say in realization of his love for Ann and perhaps in explanation to her:

I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
 Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then?
 But suck'd on countrey pleasures, childishly?
 Or snorted we in the seaven sleepers den?
 T'was so; But this, all pleasures fancies bee.
 If ever any beauty I did see,
 Which I desir'd and got, t'was but a dreame of thee.¹

He had finally found that love 'all love of other sights controules and makes one little roome, an every where'.

Although in the poem 'The Triple Foole', Donne called himself two fools for loving and for saying so in whining poetry, he defends himself by saying:

1. "The Good-Morrow"

Donne continued to profess his constancy to her but in more and more
 artificial verse and manner. His love for the woman changed to uncelled
 for hatred, and disgust and the poem "The Apparition" was written as a
 final denouncement of her as a "faint's vestail".

When by thy accents, O madhouse, I was dead,
 And that thou shouldst have been
 From all solicitation from me,
 Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
 And thus, faint's vestail, in worse arms shall see;
 Then thy necks together will begin to wind,
 And he, whose throat was then, being thy's before,
 Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
 Then call it for more,
 And in false elope will from thee shrink,
 And then poor Asper wretch, neglected thou
 Shall in a cold quiverer sweat with thy
 A verger ghost than I;
 What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
 Least that preservative thou; and since my love is spent,
 I had rather thou shouldst certainly repent,
 Than by my turnings rest still innocent.

It is not strange that Donne should say in realization of his love

for Ann and perhaps in explanation to her:

I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
 Did, till we say'd? were we not worn? till then?
 But suck'd on country pleasures, childishly?
 Or married we in the open square do?
 I was so; but this, all pleasures fancies see.
 It ever any beauty I did see,
 Which I desired and got, I was out a dream of thee.

He had finally found that love, all love of other sights, courtesies and

was one little room, an every where.

Although in the poem "The Triple Fool", Donne called himself two

fools for loving and for saying so in writing poetry, he defends himself

by saying:

I thought, if I could draw my paines,
Through Rimes vexation, I should them allay.

This does not deter him from boasting in the poem "The Undertaking":

I have done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did.
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keepe that hid.

This refers to his marriage to Ann More, and his boasting tone was yet to be dimmed by the autocratic demands of his father-in-law. The suffering to which he was subjected was allayed somewhat by his love for Ann which caused him to say in the same poem:

But he who lovelinesse within
Hath found, all outward loathes,
For he who colour loves, and skinne,
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also doe
Vertue'attir'd in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the Hee and Shee

The poem "The Extasie" is the finest example of his complete change as a lover. He had finally found himself and realized the eternal quality of love and the close relationship of the soul and the body. Undoubtedly Ann and the new conception of love inspired the beautiful lines which so exquisitely describe his victory over his baser tendencies.

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A Pregnant banke swell'd up, to rest
The violets reclining head,
Sat we two, one anothers best....
And whil'st our soules negotiate there,
We like sepulchrall statues lay;
All day, the same our postures were,
And wee said nothing, all the day.

A single violet transplant,
The strength, the colour, and the size,
(All which before was poore, and scant,)
Redoubles still, and multiplies.

I thought, if I could draw my partner,
Through kisses sweet, I should then stay.

This does not alter his true feeling in the poem "The Undertaking":

I have done one greater thing
Than all the world has done,
And yet a greater thing than all,
Which is, to keep that girl.

This refers to his marriage to Ann More, and his feeling that was yet to
be blessed by the automatic demands of his father-in-law. The suffering to

which he was subjected was almost somewhat by his love for Ann which

caused him to say in the above poem:

But his wife loveliness within
Hath found, all outward loveliness,
For his wife colour, love, and skin,
Loves but their outward clothes.

It, as I have, you also has
Virtue's still in woman's eye,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the face and nose.

The poem "The Extremes" is the finest example of his complete change
as a lover. He had finally found himself and realized the eternal quality
of love and the close relationship of the soul and the body. Undoubtedly
Ann and the new conception of love inspired the beautiful lines which so
expressively describe his victory over his baser tendencies.

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A fragrant curve swell'd up, to rest
The white'st of woman's hand,
But we two, one another best
And still at our souls' respective throats,
We like spiritual athletes lay;
All day, the same our postures were,
And was said nothing, all the day.

A single violet translucent,
The strength, the colour, and the size,
(All which nature was proud, and meant),
Redolence still, and simplicity.

And if some lover, such as wee,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still marke us, he shall see
Small change, when we are to bodies gone.

A love as beautiful and sincere as this is certainly a fitting cause for the composition of a poem which contains as many conceits and delicate images as "The Canonization." Surely these images must have grown out of a truly sincere and sympathetic love and understanding of another.

For Godsake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palsie, or my gout,
My five gray hairees, or ruin'd fortune flout,
With wealth your state, your minde with Arts improve,
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his honour, or his grace,
Or the Kings reall, or his stamped face
Contemplate, what you will approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love?
What merchants ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who saies my teares have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which my veines fill
Adde one more to the plague Bill?
Soldiers finde warres, and Lawyers finde out still
Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, wee are made such by love;
Call her one, mee another flye,
We are Tapers too, and at our owne cost die,
And wee in us finde the Eagle and the Dove.
The Phoenix ridle hath more wit
By us, we two being one, are it.
So to one neutrall thing both sexes fit,
Wee dye and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

And if some lover, such as we,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still mark us, he shall see
Small change, when we're to bedide gone.

A love as beautiful and sincere as this is certainly a fitting
cause for the composition of a poem which contains as many conceits and
delicate images as "The Canonization." Surely these images must have grown
out of a truly sincere and sympathetic love and understanding of another.

For God sake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my paleis, or my foot,
My five gray hairs, or rain'd fortune flood,
With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve,
Take you a course, get you a place,
Gossamer his honour, or his grace,
Or the king's seal, or his stamped face,
Contemplate, what you will approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love?
What merchant ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who saild my tears have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the harts which my valour fill
Add one more to the plumes still?
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Litigious ease, which quarrels move,
Through me and I do love.

Call me what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, was another flye,
We're Tereus' jee, and at our own cost die,
And we're in us finde the Eagle and the Dove.
The Phoenix rids his mate more wit
By us, we two being one, are it.
So to one naturally thing both sexes fit,
Wee dye and rise the same, and prove
Fertile by this love.

CHAPTER VI

IMAGERY IN THE EPITAPHS AND IN SELECTED EPIGRAMS

EPITAPH ON HIMSELF

To the Countesse of Bedford

Madame,

That I might make your Cabinet my tombe,

And for my fame which I love next my soule,

Next to my soule provide the happiest roome,

Admit to that place this last funerall Scrowle.

Others by Wills give Legacies, but I

Dying, of you doe beg a Legacie.

III. H.

III. A. 1

My Fortune and my will this custome break,

When we are senselesse grown to make stones speak,

In my graves inside see what thou art now:

Yet th'art not yet so good; till us death lay

To ripe and mellow there, w'are stubborne clay,Parents make us earth, and soules dignifieUs to be glasse, here to grow gold we lie;

Whilst in our soules sinne bred and pampered is,

Our soules become worme-eaten Carkasses.

VIII. B.

I. F. 4

I. E. 2

I. E. 2

V. E.

VIII. A. 4

OMNIBUS

My Fortune and my choice this custome break,

When we are speechlesse grown, to make stones speak,

Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou

In my graves inside seest what thou art now:

Yet thou'art not yet so good, till death us lay

To ripe and mellow here, we are stubborne Clay.Parents make us earth, and soules dignifieUs to be glasse; here to grow gold we lie.

Whilst in our soules sinne bred and pamper'd is,

Our soules become wormeaten carkases;

So we our selves miraculously destroy.Here bodies with lesse miracle enjoySuch privileges, enabled here to scaleHeaven, when the Trumpets ayre shall them exhale.Heare this, and mend thy selfe, and thou mendst me,

VIII. B.

I. F. 4

I. E. 2

I. E. 2

V. E.

VIII. A. 4

THEORY IN THE EPIGRAMS AND IN SELECTED EPIGRAMS

EPIGRAM ON HIMSELF

To the Countess of Bedford

Madam,
That I might make your Graces my friends,
And for my friends, which I love next my soul,
Next to my soul provide the happiest room,
Adapt to that place this last (unhappy) service,
Others by wills give legacies, but I
Dying, of you do beg a legacy.

My Fortune and my will this custom break,
When we are remembered grow to make stones speak,
In my graves inside and out I now
Yet that not yet so good, till my death lay
To rise and mellow there, with stone and clay,
Parents make us earth, and stones divide
Us to be glassed; here to grow gold we lie;
Whilst in our souls some good and happy lie,
Our souls become worms when we are dead.

VIII. 8.
I. 2. 2.
I. 2. 2.
V. 2. 2.
VIII. A. 4.

THEORY

My Fortune and my choice this custom break,
When we are remembered grow, to make stones speak,
Though no stone tell those that I was, yet thou
In my graves inside and out I now
Yet that not yet so good, till death us lay
To rise and mellow here, we are stone and clay.
Parents make us earth, and stones divide
Us to be glassed; here to grow gold we lie.
Whilst in our souls some good and happy lie,
Our souls become worms when we are dead;
So we our selves miraculously destroy.
Here bodies with less miracle enjoy
Good privileges, and here to make
Heaven, when the trumpet shall them call.
Here's this, and send thy will, and thou shalt see.

VIII. 8.
I. 2. 2.
I. 2. 2.
V. 2. 2.
VIII. A. 4.

By making me being dead, doe good to thee,
And thinke me well compos'd that I could now
A last-sicke houre to syllables allow.

Conceit

EPIGRAMS

NIOBE

By childrens births, and death, I am become
 So dry, that I am now mine owne sad tombe.

III. E.

A BURNT SHIP

Out of a fired ship, which, by no way
 But drowning, could be rescued from the flame,
 Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
 Neere the foes ships, did by their shot decay;
So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt
ship drown'd.

IV. C. 4

I. C. 1 III. C.

FALL OF A WALL

Under an undermin'd, and shot-bruis'd wall
A too-bold Captaine perish'd by the fall,
 Whose brave misfortune, happiest men envi'd,
That had a towne for tombe, his bones to hide.

V. C. 1

VIII. A. 1

PHRYNE

Thy flattering picture, Phryne, is like thee,
 Onely in this, that you both painted be.

V. K.

MERCURIUS GALLO-BELGICUS

Like Esops fellow-slaves, O Mercury,*
 Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
 Like Esops selfe, which nothing; I confesse*
 I should have had more faith, if thou hadst lesse;
 Thy credit lost thy credit: 'Tis sinne to doe,
 In this case, as thou wouldst be done unto,
 To beleeeve all: Change thy name: thou art like
Mercury in stealing, but lyeest like a Greeke.*

VI. D.

VIII. A. 1

VI. A. 1 III. D. 3

By making me being dead, how good to know,
And think as well someone's that I would now
A last-sinner home to paradise allow.

Compass

EPICURE

WITNESS

By children's births, and death, I am become
So try, that I am now mine own and home.

III. 8.

A SURET SHIP

Out of a tired ship, which, by no way,
And drowning, could be rescued from the flame,
Gone was left'd forth, and ever as they came
Here the poor ships, did by their own heavy;
So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being found, they in the boat
Ship brown'd.

IV. 4.

III. 1. 0. 1

FALL OF A WALL

Under an undermind, and short-brown'd wall
A too-cold Captain's garden'd by the fall,
Whose brave mistress, hapless man and
That had a secret for home, his name to hide.

V. 1

VIII. 1

EPICURE

My firstest picture, I say, is like this,
Only in this, that you both painted be.

V. 1

MEMORIALS GALLANT-BEING

Like those follow-slaves, O memory,*
Which could do all things, thy faith's and I
Like those who, which nothing, I confess
I should have had more faith, if I had had less;
The world's lost thy credit: 'tis mine to do,
In this case, as thou wouldst be done unto,
To believe all: Change thy name: thou art like
Memory in stealing, but I've like a Greek.*

VI. 1

VIII. 1

VI. 1 III. 1

THE LIER

Thou in the fields walkst out thy supping howers
 And yet thou swear'st thou hast supp'd like a king:
Like Nebuchadnezzar perchance with grass and flowers,
A sallet worse than Spanish dyeting.

VIII. C.

VI. B. 3

CONCLUSIONS

The epigrams originally represented an independent form of art which had reached the highest possible amount of concentrated expression. With Donne, and with his contemporaries, the epigram had become merely the jotting down of a passing conceit, and in Donne's case, the epigrams are not of very high quality.

Many of Donne's epigrams are merely exaggerated puns. Some of them however, do show his use of the metaphysical conceit; others contain some references to the Cadiz expedition of which Donne was a member. "A Burnt Ship" is one of these and is also an outstanding example of a paradoxical conceit:

So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
 They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt
 ship drown'd.

This conceit presents a vivid, imaginative picture of the sea and fire, a tragic combination. The picture evoked by the expression 'by their shot decay' is also a macabre figure of speech; the word decay and its connotation contrasts sharply with the usual conception of death by gunfire and exemplifies Donne's ingenious imagination.

The poem, "Fall Of A Wall", belongs to the same group. It is a tribute to the glory of dying for one's country and of so doing so in battle. The pictures created by the images--'shot-bruised wall', 'brave misfortune' and 'towne for tombe'--indicate that battle and death held

THE NIER

Then in the fields walked out thy singing powers
And yet thou answer'st thou hast sung'st like a king:
Like Hebe's sweetest garlands with grass and flowers,
A softer voice than Spanish devils.

VIII. C.

VI. B. 3

CONCLUSIONS

The epigram originally represented an independent form of art which had reached the highest possible amount of concentrated expression. With Donne, and with his contemporaries, the epigram had become merely the jutting down of a passing conceit, and in Donne's case, the epigrams are not of very high quality.

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So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt
Ship drown'd.

This conceit presents a vivid, imaginative picture of the sea and fire, a tragic combination. The picture evoked by the expression 'by their shot decay' is also a measure figure of speech; the word decay and its connotation contrast sharply with the usual conception of death by gunfire and exemplifies Donne's ingenious imagination.

The poem, "Fall Of A Wall", belongs to the same group. It is a tribute to the glory of dying for one's country and of so doing as in battle. The picture created by the image--'shot-bruised wall', 'brave skeletons', and 'towers for tombs'--indicates that battle and death held

some undeniable attraction even for the more youthful Donne.

"The Liar", another epigram based on the Cadiz expedition, is a little less sympathetic with the inconveniences of war, and there are some hints of sarcasm in the allusion to Nebuchadnezzar's diet which is worse than a Spanish diet.

Donne probably wrote "Niobe" in a momentary fit of discouragement caused by the fruitless struggles to support an ever increasing family and exaggerated by the death of two of his children. 'I am become so dry, that I am now my owne sad tombe' symbolizes, to me, a mood of depression and a sense of failure. The title contains a clever classical allusion and draws a subtle analogy.

"Phryne" does not have much of interest and is representative of Donne's poorest work in the field of epigrams. The idea of the falsity of paint and the pun on the word painted do not really mean too much and do not convey a clear and vivid picture.

"Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus" is one of the longer epigrams and is merely a clever play on words. Donne's meaning is a little obscure but it is evident that he was holding some person or group of people up to ridicule.

The epitaphs are representative of more serious thought, yet they are not entirely free of puns. The "Epitaph on Himselfe", addressed to the Countess of Bedford, is a gracious tribute to a woman who at one time had aided him in his career. Charming and with convincing sincerity, he begged her to accept 'this last funerall Scrowle' which was composed not as a legacy but as a petition. He told the Countess that he did not wish to have a gravestone speak for him; the contents of his grave are what she is herself, but she is not as good as the body in the grave because, in life,

some undeniable attraction even for the more youthful Dorcas.
"The Lion", another epigram based on the Celtic expedition, is a
little less sympathetic with the inconspicuousness of war, and there are some
blatant allusions in the allusion to Herodotus's list which is worse than
a Spanish list.

Dorcas probably wrote "Moses" in a momentary fit of discouragement
caused by the primitive struggles to support an ever increasing family
and exaggerated by the death of two of his children. "I am become so old,
that I am now my own and combs' sympathies, to me, a mood of depression
and a sense of failure. The little contains a clever classical allusion and
draws a subtle analogy.

"Thyrs" does not have much of interest and is representative of
Dorcas's poorest work in the field of epigrams. The idea of the falsity of
paint and the pun on the word coloured do not really mean too much and do not
convey a clear and vivid picture.

"Mortuus Gallo-Sagittarius" is one of the longer epigrams and is
merely a clever play on words. Dorcas's meaning is a little obscure but it
is evident that he was holding some person or group of people up to ridicule.
The epigrams are representative of more serious thought, yet they are

not entirely free of puns. The "Epitaph on Himself", addressed to the
Countess of Bedford, is a classical tribute to a woman who at one time had
killed him in his career. Charmingly and with convincing sincerity, he
begged her to accept this last funeral sorrow which was composed not as
a legacy but as a petition. He told the Countess that he did not wish to
have a gravestone speak for him; the contents of his grave are what one is
honest, but she is not as good as the body in the grave because, in life,

even with the aid of the soul, she can become only glass while in death she may become gold. These terms are symbolical and may be interpreted as meaning the various stages of perfection which the soul may reach. Donne followed these stages himself although he could only hope for the final stage of perfection; he passed through the baser earth-clay stages in his youth; gradually realizing the dignity of the soul, he reached the glass phase. With maturity he learned to hope and strive for the gold of immortality. This is not the first time that he used these analogies; even in the songs and sonnets he refers to souls 'like gold to ayery thinnesse beate'.

Donne finished the poem with a warning that the soul itself becomes a 'worme-eaten Carkasse' when exposed to sin. However, the poem, "Omnibus", continues in the same vein and, in fact, repeats the second stanza of "Epitaph on Himselfe". To this Donne added a few lines in which he warned us that we, through sin, destroy ourselves.

Although the "Omnibus" is not actually addressed to the Countess, the fact that it repeats so many lines of the first epitaph would lead the reader to believe that he was still thinking of her. He begged his reader to heed the advice and mend his ways, for by doing this he not only helps himself but also helps Donne to do good.

Donne finished the poem with a pun on the word compos'd reflecting his sense of humor which he maintained even in severe illness.

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may become gold. These terms are symbolical and may be interpreted as
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stage of perfection; he passed through the lesser earth-day stages in his
youth; gradually realizing the dignity of the soul, he reached the glass
phase. With maturity he learned to hope and strive for the gold of
immortality. This is not the first time that he used these analogies;
even in the songs and sonnets he refers to souls 'like gold to assay'
Chinese poets'.

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becomes a 'worme-eaten Garment' when exposed to sin. However, the poem,
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his sense of humor which he maintained even in severe illness.

CHAPTER VII

IMAGERY IN SELECTED ELEGIES

THE AUTUMNAL

No <u>Spring</u> , nor <u>Summer</u> Beauty hath such grace,*	
As I have seen in ine <u>Autumnall</u> face.*	I. G. 1 2 3
Yong Beauties force our love, and that's a <u>Rape</u> .*	IV. A.
This doth but <u>counsaile</u> , yet you cannot scape.	
If t'were a <u>shame</u> to love, here t'were no <u>shame</u> , 5	
<u>Affection</u> here takes <u>Reverences</u> name.	
Were her first yeares the <u>Golden Age</u> ; That's true,	
But now she's <u>gold</u> oft tried, and ever new.*	V. E.
That was her torrid and inflaming time,*	
This is her tolerable <u>Tropique clyme</u> .* 10	VI. F.
Faire eyes, who askes more heate than comes from hence,*	
He in a fever wishes pestilence.*	III. C.
Call not these wrinkles, <u>graves</u> ; If <u>graves</u> they were,*	III. E.
They were <u>Loves graves</u> ; for else he no where.*	VIII. C.
Yet lies not Love <u>dead</u> here, but here doth sit* 15	
Vow'd to this trench, like an <u>Anachorit</u> .*	V. C. 1 VI. B. 1
And here, till here, which must be his death, come,	
He doth not digge a <u>Grave</u> , but build a <u>Tombe</u> .*	VIII. C.
Here dwells he, though he sojourns ev'rywhere,	
In <u>Progresse</u> , yet his standing house is here.* 20	III. A.
Here, where still <u>Evening</u> is; not <u>noone</u> , nor <u>night</u> .*	I. G. 5
Where no <u>voluptuousness</u> , yet all <u>delight</u> .	
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,	
You may at <u>Revels</u> , you at <u>Counsaille</u> , sit.	
This is loves timber, youth his under-wood;* 25	I. A. 2
There he, as wine in <u>June</u> , enrages blood,*	
Which then comes seasonabliest, when our tast	IV. B.
And appetite to other things, is past.	
<u>Xerxes</u> strange <u>Lydian</u> love, the <u>Platane</u> tree,	
Was lov'd for age, none being so large as shee, 30	
Or else because, being yong, nature did blesse	
Her youth with ages glory, <u>Barrennesse</u> .	
If we love things long sought, <u>Age</u> is a thing	
Which we are fifty yeares in compassing.	
If transitory things, which soone decay, 35	
<u>Age</u> must be loveliest at the latest day.	
But name not <u>Winter-faces</u> , whose skin' slacke;* VIII. A. 4	
LANKE, as an unthrifte purse; but a soules sacke;* V. F. III. B. 1	
Whose <u>Eyes</u> seeke light within, for all here's shade;	

CHAPTER VII

IMAGERY IN SELECTED ELEGIES

THE AUTUMNAL

No spring, nor summer beauty hath each grace,
 As I have seen in the autumnal face.
 Long beautiful forms our love, and that's a face;
 This doth but compass it, yet you cannot escape.
 If I were a shape to love, here I were no shape;
 Affection here takes heaven's name.
 We're not first year's the golden age; that's a time,
 But now she's gold of old, and ever new.
 That was her first and blushing time;
 This is her lovely tropic time. 10
 Fair eyes, who asks more hearts than comes from hence?
 He in a fever wishes parting.
 Gail not these wrinkles, never; if graves they were,
 They were loves graves; for alas he no where.
 Yet lies not love dead here, but both are 15
 'Tis to be this frame, like an Ascholar.
 And here, fill here, which must be his death, come,
 He doth not dig a grave, but build a tomb.
 Here twine he, though he sorrows everywhere,
 In progress, yet his standing hours is here. 20
 Here, where still evening is; yet noon, not night;
 Where no vapours, yet all delight.
 In all her words, unto all hearts fit,
 You may at beauty, you at beauty, fit.
 This is love's labor, youth his winter-wood; 25
 There he, as wine in time, smokes blood;
 Which from comes seasonless, when our last
 And appetite to other things, is past.
 For strange Lylian love, the first time,
 As love's for eye, now being so late as when,
 Or else because, being young, nature did please
 Her youth with eyes, barrenness.
 If we love things long enough, are to a thing
 Which we are fifty years in concealing.
 If transient things, which seem to last,
 Are not so loved as the latest day.
 But now not winter-faces, whose skin's black;
 Lanes, as an winter's purse; but a soul's black;
 Whose eyes seem light within, for all here's black;

I. G. I. 2
 IV. A.
 V. 2.
 VI. 2.
 VII. O.
 VIII. O.
 IX. A.
 X. O.
 XI. O.
 XII. O.
 XIII. O.
 XIV. O.
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 LXXXXXXXO. O.

Whose mouthes are holes, rather worne out, than made, 40
 Whose every tooth to a severall place is gone,
 To vex their soules at Resurrection;
 Name not these living Deaths-heads unto mee,
 For these, not Ancient, but Antique be.* I. G.
 I hate extreames; yet I had rather stay 45
 With Tombes, than Cradles, to weare out a day.* VIII. A. 2
 Since such loves naturall lation is, may still
 My love descend, and journey downe the hill,*
 Not panting after growing beauties, so,*
 I shall ebbe out with them, who home-ward goe.* 50 I. E. 1

CHANGE

Although thy hand and faith, and good workes too,
 Have seal'd thy love which nothing should undo,
 Yea though thou fall backe, that apostasie
 Confirme thy love; yet much, much I feare thee.
Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none,
Open to'all searchers, unpriz'd, if unknowne. VII.
If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
Another fouler using these meanes, as I,
May catch the same bird; and, as these things bee,
Women are made for men, not him, nor mee. II. B.
Foxes and goats; all beasts change when they please,
Shall women, more hot, wily, wild than these,
Be bound to one man, and did Nature then
Idly make them apter to'endure than men? II. A. 4
They're our clogges, not their owne; if a man bee
Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley's free; I. C. V. J. 1
Who hath a plow-land, casts all his seed corne there,
And yet allowes his ground more corne should beare; I. H.
Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
The sea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po. I. E. 1a-b
 By nature, which gave it, this liberty
 Thou lov'st, but Oh! canst thou love it and mee?
 Liknesse glues love: and if that thou so doe,
 To make us like and love, must I change too?
 More than thy hate, I hate't, rather let mee
 Allow her change, than change as oft as shee,
 And see not teach, but force my'opinion
 To love not any one, nor every one.
To live in one land, is captivitie,
To runne all countries, a wild roguery; V. H.
Waters stincke soone, if in one place they bide,
And in the vast sea are more putrifi'd:
But when they kisse one banke, and leaving this
Never looke backe, but the next banke doe kisse, I. E. 1b
Then are they purest; Change'is the nursery
Of musicke, joy, life, and eternity. III. A.

HIS PICTURE

Here take my picture; though I bid farewell,
 Thine, in my heart, where my soule dwels, shall dwell.
 'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more
 When wee are shadowes both, than'twas before.
 When weather-beaten I come backe; my hand,
 Perhaps with rude oares torne, or Sun beams tann'd,
 My face and brest of hairecloth, and my head
 With cares rash sodaine stormes, being o'rspread,
 My body's sack of bones, broken within,
 And powders blew staines scatter'd on my skinne;
 If rivall fooles taxe thee to'have lov'd a man,
 So foule, and course, as Oh, I may seeme then,
 This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,
 Doe his hurts reach mee? doth my worth decay?
 Or doe they reach his judging minde, that hee
 Should now love lesse, what hee did love to see?
 That which in him was faire and delicate,
 Was but the milke, which in loves childish state
 Did nurse it; who now is growne strong enough
 To feed on that, which to disus'd taste seemes tough.

I. B. 2

VIII. B.

IV. B.

LOVES WARR

Till I have peace with thee, warr other Men,
 And when I have peace, can I leave thee then?
 All other Warrs are scrupulous; Only thou
 O fayr free Citty, maist thyselfe allow
 To any one: In Flanders, who can tell
 Whether the Master presse; or men rebell?
 Only we know, that which all Ideots say,
 They beare most blows which come to part the fray.
 France in her lunatique giddines did hate
 Ever our men, yea and our God of late;
 Yet she relies upon our Angels well,
 Which nere returne; no more than they which fell.
 Sick Ireland is with a strange warr possest
 Like to an Ague; now raging, now at rest;
 Which time will cure: yet it must doe her good
 If she were purg'd, and her head vayne let blood.
 And Midas joyes our Spanish journeys give,
 We touch all gold, but find no food to live.
 And I should be in the hott parching clime,
 To dust and ashes turn'd before my time.
 To mew me in a Ship, is to inthrall
 Mee in a prison, that weare like to fall;
 Or in a Cloyster; save that there men dwell
 In a calme heaven, here in a swaggering hell.

Conceit

HIS PICTURE

Have taken my picture; though I did farwell,
 Thine, in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall dwell.
 'Tis like me now, but I fear, 'twill be more
 When was ere shadowed by, than twice before.
 When weather-battered I come back; my hand,
 Perhaps with rain or snow, or sun-baked sand,
 My face and breast of kisses, and my head
 With eyes like shining stones, sitting or pressed,
 My body's back of bones, broken within,
 And powder blew stains scatter'd on my skin;
 If rival looks take thee to have lov'd a man,
 So Louis, and scores, as I, I say, some then,
 This shall say what I want, and thou shalt say,
 Can his heart reach me? both my worth decay?
 Or does thy reach his jagging wounds, foot has
 Should now love leave, what has his love to say?
 That which to him was false and false,
 Has but his mine, which in love's children state
 All mine is; who now is known strong enough
 To lead on that, which to him's last seems touch.

I. B. 2

VIII. 3.

IV. 8.

LOVES WARR

Till I have peace with thee, dear other man,
 And when I have peace, can I leave thee then?
 All other wars are quarrels; only thou
 O fair love mine, mine's thyself allow
 To any one; in thine, who can tell
 Whether the master peace; or thou tell
 Only we know, that which all hearts say,
 They bear most flows when come to part the way.
 France in her luminous brightness did love
 Over our men, yes and our God of late;
 Yet she relies upon our angels' will,
 Which more returns; no more than they which fell.
 Dick Ireland is with a strange war possess
 Like to an Agate; now taking, now at rest;
 Which time will come: yet is what does her good
 If she were put'd, and her land ways let good.
 And mine joy's our Spanish journey's give,
 As touch all gold, but find no food to live.
 And I should be in the hot burning time,
 To that and some turn'd before my time.
 To me as in a ship, is to Ireland
 Was in a prison, that were like to fall;
 Or in a ship; save that there can dwell
 In a calm heaven, there in a swarming hell.

Conceit

Long voyages are long consumptions,
 And ships are carts for executions.
 Yea they are Deaths; Is't not all one to flye
 Into an other World, as t'is to dye?
 Here lett mee warr; in these armes lett mee lye.
 Here lett mee parle, batter, bleede, and dye.
 Thyne armes imprison me, and myne armes thee,
 Thy hart thy ransome is, take myne for mee.
 Other men war that they their rest may gayne;
 But wee will rest that wee may fight agayne.
 Those warrs the ignorant, these th'experienced love,
 There wee are alwayes under, here above.
 There Engins farr off breed a just true feare,
 Neere thrusts, pikes, stabs, yea bullets hurt not here.
 There lyes are wrongs; here safe uprightly ly;
 There men kill men, we'll make one by and by.
 Thou nothing; I not halfe so much shall do
 In these Warrs, as they may which from us two
 Shall spring. Thousands wee see which travaile not
 To warrs; But stay swords, armes, and shott
 To make at home; And shall not I do then
 More glorious service, staying to make men?

THE EXPOSTULATION

To make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true,
 Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?
 Thought I, but one had breathed purest aire,
 And must shee needs be false because she's faire?
 Is it your beauties marks, or of your youth, 5
 Or your perfection, not to study truth?
 Or thinke you heaven is deafe, or hath no eyes?
 Or those it hath, smile at your perjuries?
 Are vowes so cheape with women, or the matter
 Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water, 10
 And blowne away with winde? Or doth their breath
 (Both hot and cold at once) make life and death?
 Who could have thought so many accents sweet
 Form'd into words, so many sighs should meete
 As from our hearts, so many oathes, and teares 15
 Sprinkled among, (all sweeter by our feares
 And the divine impression of stolne kisses,
 That seal'd the rest) should now prove empty blisses?
 Did you draw bonds to forfeit? signe to breake?
 Or must we reade you quite from what you speake, 20
 And finde the truth out the wrong way? or must
 Hee first desire you false, would wish you just?
 O I prophane, though most of women be
This kinde of beast, my thought shall except thee;
 My dearest love, though froward jealousie, 25

VIII. B.

VI. C.

VI. E.

II. A. 4

With circumstance might urge thy'inconstancie,
 Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne will cease to cheare
The teaming earth, and that forget to beare,
Sooner that rivers will runne back, or Thames
With ribs of Ice in June would bind his streames, 30
Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
Would change her course, before you alter yours. Conceit
 But O that treacherous breast to whom weake you
 Did trust our Counsells, and wee both may rue,
 Having his falsehood found too late, 'twas hee 35
 That made me cast you guilty, and you me,
 Whilst he black wretch, betray'd each simple word
 Wee spake, unto the cunning of a third.
 Curst may hee be, that so our love hath slaine,
 And wander on the earth, wretched as Cain, 40
 Wretched as hee, and not deserve least pittie;
 In plaguing him, let misery be witty;
 Let all eyes shunne him, and hee shunne each eye,
 Till hee be noysome as his infamie;
 May he without remorse deny God thrice, 45
 And not be trusted more on his Soules price;
 And after all selfe torment, when hee dyes,
 May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,
 Swine eate his bowels, and his falser tongue
 That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung, 50
 And let his carrion coarse be a longer feast
 To the Kings dogges, than any other beast
 Now have I curst, let us our love revive;
 In mee the flame was never more alive;
 I could beginne againe to court and praise, 55
 And in that pleasure lengthen the short dayes
 Of my lifes lease; like Painters that do take
Delight, not in made worke, but whiles they make; VII. A.
 I could renew those times, when first I saw
 Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law 60
 To like what you lik'd; and at maskes and playes
 Commend the self same Actors, the same wayes;
 Aske how you did, and often with intent
 Of being officious, be impertinent;
 All which were such soft pastimes, as in these 65
 Love was as subtilly catch'd, as a disease;
 But being got it is a treasure sweet,
 Which to defend is harder than to get:
 And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
 For though'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art. 70 IV. C.

With circumstance might urge thy 'independence',
 I'll think the same will mass to share
 The feeling wide, and feel to share
 Gooder that river will turn back, or there
 With rise of sea in land would find his stream,
 Or better, by whose stream the world is fed,
 Would change her course, before you ever come.
 But I find something more than to share with you
 And trust our 'independence', and yet both may run,
 Having his falsehood found too late, 'twas his
 That made us seek you early, and you me,
 With his black words, saying 'I seek which word
 has spoken, into the meaning of a thing.
 But may be he, that he has said alone,
 And wonder on the earth, watched as I do,
 Wounded as he, and not less so by;
 He thought him, but always so;
 Let all eyes know him, and not know each eye,
 Will be as known as the land;
 May as without remorse deny and know,
 And not be turned more on his scales;
 And after all, to turn, when the day
 May know him and his land, to know his eyes,
 Swine eat his words, and his fair words
 That never will, be to know him;
 And let the cannon course be a longer road
 To the river's course, than any other road
 Now have I said, let us not love revive;
 In me the flame was never more alive;
 I could imagine again to count and praise,
 And in that of course I know the more days
 Of my life; like him, like him, that do take
 Delight, and in his work, and while they make
 I could know these things, when first I saw
 Love in your eyes, that gave my hands the law
 To live with you; and at times and play
 Demand the self same love, the same way;
 Take now you find, and often with intent
 Of being different, no different;
 All which were not self, but in these
 Love was as suddenly caught, as a disease;
 Not being got it is a treasure found,
 Which is found in better than to get;
 And ought not be proud of either part,
 For though, the not of course, the kept by art.

Concise

Concise

VII. A.

IV. U.

CONCLUSIONS

The first poem in this group of elegies, "The Autumnal", was addressed to Mrs. Magdalen Herbert, the mother of George Herbert. The images in this poem contrast sharply with the major portion of the images already discussed, and they reveal the affectionate reverence Donne felt for the woman who gave him not only material aid but, more important, spiritual aid. Mrs. Herbert was a devoted mother as well as a woman of intellectual genius; this combination was a happy one which proved to have a steadying influence on Donne at a time when he was beginning to discover the finer mysteries of love.

The tone of the poem is one of tenderness, courtliness, grace, and that rare quality in Donne, heartfelt sincerity. The opening lines:

No Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace,
As I have seen in one Autumnal face.

have no tinge of artificiality or conventionality; the graceful figure of speech is a striking and unusual one. His love for this matron was platonic and to quote him, 'affection here takes Reverences name.' The last line-- 'I shall ebbe out with them, who home-ward goe', is a strangely peaceful and reflective image which perfectly expressed the delicate relationship between the two and the beauty with which Donne could express himself on occasion.

In the poem "Change", Donne referred again to that dangerous and disillusioning love affair mentioned in the preceding chapter. The sentiment is similar to that expressed in "The Apparition", and the poet revealed that he had given up all pretense of any feeling other than repulsion for the woman. The cynical note crept into his voice again as he

CONCLUSIONS

The first poem in this group of elegies, "The Anniversary," was addressed to Mrs. Catherine Herbert, the mother of George Herbert. The images in this poem contrast sharply with the major portion of the images already discussed, and they reveal the all-embracing reverence Donne felt for the woman who gave him not only material aid but, more important, spiritual aid. Mrs. Herbert was a devoted mother as well as a woman of intellectual genius; this combination was a happy one which proved to have a lasting influence on Donne at a time when he was beginning to discover the finer qualities of love.

The tone of the poem is one of tenderness, gentleness, grace, and that rare quality in Donne, artistic simplicity. The opening lines:

No Spring, nor Summer Beauty half such grace,
As I have seen in one Autumnal face.

have no tinge of artificiality or conventionalism; the graceful figure of speech is a striking and unusual one. His love for this woman was platonic and to quote him, 'affection here takes Reverence name.' The last line-- 'I shall abide with them, who none-wind goes', is a strangely peaceful and reflective image which perfectly expressed the delicate relationship between the two and the beauty with which Donne could express himself on occasion.

In the poem "On Anne," Donne referred again to that dangerous and alluring love affair mentioned in the preceding chapter. The sentiment is similar to that expressed in "The Apparition," and the poet revealed that he had given up all pretence of any feeling other than rejection for the woman. The cynical note struck into his voice again as he

bitterly declaimed inconstancy and used nature and animals to show the baseness of women. Through the images based on rivers and seas and concerning their freedom, he unconsciously confessed the conflict between his desire to find perfect love and his need to retain a certain amount of freedom. He excused himself in this affair by accusing the woman of infidelity to her husband through her professed fidelity to him. But even he must have realized that he was attempting to conceal from her and from himself his own inability to win the battle against promiscuity and disloyalty. He was heading again for the first stages of pure physical passion and could find no permanent solution to his mental and moral difficulties.

Although the images concerned nature as they did in earlier poems on the subject of inconstancy, it is the dying, the rotten, the cheap things in nature that are stressed.

Foxes and goats; all beasts change when they please,
Shall women, more hot, wily, wild than these,
Be bound to one man, and did Nature then
Idly make them apter t'endure than men?

Waters stinke soone, if in one place they bide,
And in the vast sea are more putrified.

How vividly these insults contrast with the lines addressed to the same woman when he was preparing to embark on the Cadiz expedition. Here he expressed passion, but a passion that was real and steadfast.

Here take my picture; though I bid farewell,
Thine, in my heart, where my soule dwels, shall dwell.¹

In the poem "Loves Warr" Donne grumbled:

To mew me in a Ship, is to inthrall
Mee in a prison, that weare like to fall;

1. "His Picture"

blatantly declared incontinency and most nefarious and animal to show the
passions of women. Through the images based on rivers and seas and
concerning their freedom, he unconsciously confessed the conflict between
his desire for that perfect love and his need to retain a certain amount of
freedom. He excused himself in this affair by accusing the women of
infidelity to her husband through her professed fidelity to him. And even
he must have realized that he was attempting to conceal from her and from
himself his own inability to win the battle against promiscuity and
deceit. He was heading again for the first stages of pure physical
passion and could find no permanent solution to his mental and moral
difficulties.

Through the images concerned nature as they fit in earlier scenes
on the subject of incontinency, it is the dying, the rotting, the empty
things in nature that are stressed.

Foras and Gostas; all beasts strong when they please,
Small women, more hot, wily, will than these,
as bound to one man, and did Nature thus
all make them equal? 'Tis Nature's law most
Nature's eternal doom, it is one place they die,
And in the end are more fulfilled.

How vividly these images contrast with the lines addressed to the
young woman when he was preparing to embark on the Celtic expedition. Here
he expressed passion, but a passion that was real and eternal.

Here I leave my children: should I die farwell,
Think, in my heart, where my soul dwells, wait well!

In the poem "Love's War" Donne is called:
To love me in a Girdle, I do intend
Was in a Girdle, that never like to hold;

Or in a Cloyster; save that there men dwell
 In a calme heaven, here in a swaggering hell.
 Long voyages are long consumptions,
 And ships are carts for executions.
 Yea they are Deaths; Is't not all one to flye
 Into an other World, as t'is to dye?
 Here lett mee warr;

This is another, more violent expression of his desire to remain in England and to continue his affair. He did not want to go to war but wished to leave that to other men while he continued his quest for peace with his love. In a flippant tone he asked:

And shall not I do then
 More glorious service, staying to make men?

The poem, in spite of his protestations of sorrow at the necessity of leaving and his preference to stay at home and fight 'loves warr', does not strike me as particularly sincere; it is made up of a conceit and it is entirely too witty, brittle, and pert to have much depth or sincerity. Some of Donne's biographers contend that it was on this expedition that Donne spent some months in continual travel when he might have returned immediately to his lady. He made the expedition in the search for new adventure and something more exciting than life in London; he desired violent action. His financial status was poor and, furthermore, he was having many difficulties with women. There was also the possibility of a desire for honor and glory which he had praised in some of the epigrams; all this seemed to outweigh his desire to return to his mistress.

In "The Expostulation" Donne cursed a third party who had gossiped concerning his love affair and had separated Donne and his mistress through the misunderstanding caused by this gossip. Donne complained that he was stunned by the thought that she, of all women, could be inconstant and said:

On in a glimmer; never that I saw
In a glimmer; never that I saw
In a glimmer; never that I saw
In a glimmer; never that I saw
In a glimmer; never that I saw
In a glimmer; never that I saw
In a glimmer; never that I saw
In a glimmer; never that I saw
In a glimmer; never that I saw
In a glimmer; never that I saw

There is another, more violent expression of his desire to remain in England
and to continue his life. He did not want to go to war but wanted to
have rest to other men while he continued his quest for peace with his
love. In a different line he wrote:

And shall not I be then
More glorious service, staying to make men

The poem, in spite of his professions of sorrow at the necessity
of leaving and his professions to stay at home and fight 'loose war', does
not strike me as particularly sincere; it is made up of a conceit and it is
entirely too sentimental, and perhaps too much so. I think
some of Donne's elegiacs contain that it was on this expedition that
Donne spent some months in continental travel when he might have returned
immediately to his lady. He says the expedition in the season for new
adventures and something more exciting than life in London he feared
violent action. His rhetorical attitude was poor and, I think, he was
having many difficulties with women. There was also the possibility of a
quest for honor and glory which he had pursued in some of his writings.
All this seemed to outweigh his desire to return to his mistress.

In 'The Expostulation' Donne caused a third party who had suggested
concerning his love affairs and had separated him and his mistress through
the misunderstanding caused by this party. Donne explained that he was
stunned by the thought that one of his women, could be innocent and self-

My dearest love, though froward jealousie,
 With circumstance might urge thy'inconstancie,
 Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne will cease to cheare
 The teeming earth, and that forget to beare,
 Sooner that rivers will runne back, or Thames
 With ribs of Ice in June would bind his streames,
 Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
 Would change her course, before you alter yours.

The images used here concern life, growth, and the power of nature.

Those used in the curse itself are biblical and are also based on nature; but this time it is the life of the lower animals and their cannibalistic tendencies to which he refers; and it was a scathing and unnecessarily severe punishment which he proposed for the man who had 'slaine their love'.

However, in spite of all these tribulations 'the flame was never more alive' in him and he was ready to resume the affair with renewed fervour, for love is 'as subtilly catch'd as a disease' and is a sweet treasure worth defending 'For though'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art'.

The images in these elegies vary greatly in number, type, and content. Nature, personification, and learning (classical and biblical) predominate in "The Autumnal." It is interesting to compare the nature images in this poem with those in "Change." The quiet dignity of comparison and analogy in "The Autumnal" comes as a surprise to the reader after reading so much of the more brutal type of analogy which Donne found, for example, between women and goats, or loyalty and waters that soon stink in "Change."

Imaginative images (personification) and images based on learning are present in almost all of Donne's poems and the elegies are no exceptions. They reveal Donne's quick, facile, and searching mind; he was

My answer, though, is that I do not
think it is the case that the
poet is in any sense a "poet"
in the sense of the word as used
by the critics. The poet is a
man who has a certain way of
looking at the world, and who
expresses this way of looking
in his poetry.

The images used here concern life, death, and the power of nature.
Those used in the poem itself are biblical and are also based on nature;
but this time it is the life of the lower animals and their instinctive
tendencies to which he refers; and it was a searching and unmercifully
severe punishment which he proposed for the man who had "killed" his
love.

However, in spite of all these criticisms the poem was never
more alive in his mind and he was ready to receive the criticism with renewed
fervor, for love is the most beautiful and the most precious of all things,
and the most difficult to understand. For this reason, the poet is not
The image in this poem is very simple in nature, but it is
complex. It is a picture of a man who is in love, and who is
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Imagistic images (for definition) and images based on language
are present in almost all of Donne's poems and the images are no
exception. They reveal Donne's ability, feeling, and searching mind; he was

able to write and not that it is not, in fact, his
analysis, and-making analysis.

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CHAPTER VIII

IMAGERY IN SELECTED EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES

OBSEQUIES TO THE LORD HARRINGTON

Brother to the Lady Lucy, Countesse of Bedford

<u>Faire soule which was, not onely, as all soules bee,</u>	
<u>Then when thou wast infused, harmony,</u>	VII. B.
<u>But did'st continue so; and now dost beare</u>	
<u>A part in Gods great organ, this whole Spheare:</u>	VII. B. 1
<u>If looking up to God; or downe to us, 5</u>	
<u>Thou finde that any way is previous,</u>	
<u>Twixt heav'n and earth, and that mans actions doe</u>	
<u>Come to your knowledge, and affections too,</u>	
<u>See, with joy, mee to that good degree</u>	
<u>Of goodnesse growne, that I can studie thee, 10</u>	
<u>And, by these meditations refin'd,</u>	
<u>Can unapparell and enlarge my minde,</u>	IV. A.
<u>And so can make by this soft extasie,</u>	
<u>This place a map of heav'n my selfe of thee.</u>	VIII. A. 4
<u>Thou seest mee here at midnight, now all rest; 15</u>	
<u>Times dead-low water; when all mindes devest</u>	I. E. 1
<u>To morrows businesse, when the labourers have</u>	
<u>Such rest in bed, that their last Church-yard grave,</u>	
<u>Subject to change, will scarce be'a type of this,</u>	III. D. 6
<u>Now when the clyent, whose last hearing is 20</u>	
<u>To morrow, sleeps, when the condemned man,</u>	
<u>(Who when hee opes his eyes, must shut them then</u>	
<u>Againe by death,) although sad watch hee keepe,</u>	V. J. 1
<u>Doth practice dying by a little sleepe,</u>	III. E. IV. A. 2
<u>Thou at this midnight seest mee, and as soone 25</u>	
<u>As that Sunne rises to mee, midnight's noone,</u>	III. C. 1-2
<u>All the world growes transparent, and I see</u>	
<u>Through all, both Church and State, in seeing thee;</u>	
<u>And I discern by favour of this light,</u>	
<u>My selfe, the hardest object of the sight. 30</u>	
<u>God is the glasse; as thou when thou dost see</u>	V. E.
<u>Him who sees all, seest all concerning thee,</u>	
<u>So yet unglorified, I comprehend</u>	
<u>All, in these mirrors of thy wayes, and end.</u>	III. H.
<u>Though God be our true glasse, through which we see 35</u>	V. E.
<u>All, since the beeing of all things is hee,</u>	
<u>Yet are the trunks which doe to us derive</u>	

Things, in proportion fit, by perspective,
Deeds of good men; for by their living here,
 Vertues, indeed remote, seeme to be neare. 40
 But where can I affirme, or where arrest
 My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?
 For fluid vertue cannot be look'd on
 Nor can endure a contemplation.
As bodiees change, and as I do not weare 45
Those Spirits, humors, blood I did last yeare,
And, as if on a streame I fixe mine eye,
That drop, which I looked on, is presently
Pusht with more waters from my sight, and gone
So in this sea of vertues, can no one 50
Bee' insisted on; vertues, as rivers, passe,
Yet still remains that vertuous man there was;
 And as if man feed on mans flesh, and so
 Part of his body to another owe,
 Yet at the last two perfect bodiees rise, 55
 Because God knowes where every Atome lyes;
 So, if one knowledge were made of all those,
 Who knew his minutes well, hee might dispose
 His vertues into names, and ranks; but I
 Should injure Nature, Vertue, and Destinie, 60
 Should I divide and discontinue so,
 Vertue, which did in one intirenesse grow.
 For as, hee that would say, spirits are fram'd
 Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd,
 Honours not spirits halfe so much, as hee 65
 Which sayes, they have no parts, but simple bee;
 So is't of vertue; for a point and one
 Are much entirer than a million.
 And had Fate meant to have his vertues told,
 It would have let him live to have been old; 70
 So, then that vertue in season, and then this,
 We might have seene, and said, that now he is
 Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just:
 In good short lives, vertues are faine to thrust,
 And to be sure betimes to get a place, 75
 When they would exercise, lacke time and space.
 So was it in this person, forc'd to bee
 For lack of time, his owne epitome:
 So to exhibit in few yeares as much,
 As all the long breath'd Chronicles can touch. 80
As when an Angell down from heav'n doth flye,
Our quick thought cannot keepe him company,
Wee cannot thinke, now he is at the Sunne,
Now through the Moon, now he through th'aire doth run
Yet when he's come, we know he did repaire 85
To all twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sunne, Moon, and Aire;
And as this Angell in an instant knowes,
And yet wee know, this sodaine knowledge growes

I. A. 2

IV. A.

I. E. 1 a-b

Things, in proportion, by respectively,
Drops of good may, for as well living here,
Virtues, indeed, virtues, as in the heart. 45
And when can I suffer, or more bitter
In knowledge on old heart which shall I call sweet?
For this virtue, though be lack'd on
Not can make a consolation.

As a glass, where, and as I do not wear 45
Those virtues, indeed, indeed I do not wear,
And, as it is a virtue I like mine eye,
That drop, which I loved so, is presently
Sweet with more water from my sight, and none
So in this sea of virtues, and no one 50
And, indeed, on virtues, as rivers, grass,
Yet still remains, that virtues are there was;

And as it is, on more than, and so
Left of his body to another sea,
Yet at the last two perfect bodies live, 55
Because God knows where every Atom lives;
So, if one knowledge were made of all those,
Who know his minute well, how might dispose
His virtues into names, and names; but I 60
Should injure Nature, Virtue, and Justice,
Should I divide and transmute so,
Virtue, which did in one indivisible grow.

For as, that would say, virtues are true'd
Of all the greatest parts can be made, 65
Where not a virtue calls so much, as he;
Which never, they have no parts, but simple pass;
So is of virtues; for a point and one
Are much smaller than a million.

And that I mean to have his virtues told,
It would move his life in two even old; 70
So, that virtue in action, and then this,
We might have some, and said, that now he is
Wise, now wise, now temperate, now just;
In good and evil, virtues are true'd to truth,
And to be true, to get a piece, 75
Then they would multiply, like time and space.

So was it in this garden, for I to see
For lack of time, his name appears:
So to exhibit in few verses as much,
As all the long Christian's can power. 80
As when an angel down from heav'n's high type,
Our souls that cannot know his company,
See cannot follow, now he is at the same,
The truth the more, now he is at the same, 85
The more he's seen, we know he did require;
To all that's seen, and seen, and seen, and seen;
And as this world is an instant moment,
And yet was more, this world's momentary power.

I. 4. 2

IV. 4.

I. 3. 1 a-b

<u>By quick amassing severall formes of things,</u>	VI.	B.
<u>Which he successively to order brings; 90</u>		
<u>When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot goe</u>	IV.	C.
<u>So fast as hee, thinke that he doth not so;</u>		
<u>Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell</u>		
<u>On every syllable, nor stay to spell,</u>		
<u>Yet without doubt, hee doth distinctly see 95</u>	VI.	E.
<u>And lay together every A, and B;</u>		
<u>So, in short liv'd good men, is 'not understood</u>		
<u>Each severall vertue, but the compound good;</u>	VIII.	B.
<u>For, they all vertues paths in that pace tread,</u>	VI.	B. E.
<u>As Angells goe, and know, and as men read. 100</u>	IV.	C. 1
<u>O why should then these men, these lumps of Balme</u>		
<u>Sent hither, this worlds tempests to becalme,</u>		
<u>Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spread,</u>		
<u>And so make us alive, themselves be dead?</u>		
<u>O soule, O circle, why so quickly bee 105</u>		
<u>Thy ends, thy birth and death, clos'd up in thee?</u>	VI.	F.
<u>Since one foot of thy compasse still was plac'd</u>		
<u>In heav'n, the other might securely 'have pac'd</u>		
<u>In the most large extent, through every path</u>		
<u>Which the whole world, or man the abridgment hath. 110</u>	Conceit	
<u>Thou knowst, that though the tropique circles have</u>		
<u>(Yea and those small ones which the Poles engrave,)</u>		
<u>All the same roundnesse, evennesse, and all</u>		
<u>The endlessnesse of the equinoctiall;</u>		
<u>Yet, when we come to measure distances, 115</u>		
<u>How here, how there, the Sunne affected is,</u>		
<u>When he doth faintly worke, and when prevaile,</u>		
<u>Onely great circles, then can be our scale:</u>		
<u>So, though thy circle to thy selfe expresse</u>		
<u>All, tending to thy endlesse happinesse, 120</u>		
<u>And wee, by our good use of it may trye,</u>		
<u>Both how to live well young, and how to die,</u>	VI.	F.
<u>Yet, since we must be old, and age endures</u>		
<u>His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures</u>		
<u>Of hot ambitions, irrelegions ice, 125</u>		
<u>Zeales ague, and hydroptique avarice,</u>		
<u>Infirmities which need the scale of youth;</u>	IV.	C.
<u>Why did'st thou not for these give medicines too,</u>		
<u>And by thy doing tell us what to doe?</u>		
<u>Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheele 130</u>		
<u>Doth each mismotion and distemper feele,</u>		
<u>Whose hand gets shaking palsies, and whose string*</u>		
<u>(His sinews) slackens, and whose Soule, the spring,*</u>		
<u>Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the flye,*</u>		
<u>Either beates not, or beates unevenly, 135</u>		
<u>Whose voice, the Bell, doth rattle, or grow dumbe,*</u>		
<u>Or idle, 'as men, which to their last houres come,</u>		
<u>If these clockes be not wound, or be wound still,</u>		
<u>Or be not set, or set at every will;</u>		

So, youth is easiest to destruction, 140
If then wee follow all, or follow none.
Yet, as in great clocks, which in steeples chime,
Plac'd to informe whole towns, to'mploy their time,
An error doth more harme, being generall,
When, small clocks faults, only'on the wearer fall; 145
So worke the faults of age, on which the eye
Of children, servants, or the State relie.
Why wouldst not thou then, which hadst such a soule,
A clock so true, as might the Sunne controule,
And daily hadst him, who gave it thee, 150
Instructions, such as it could never be
Disordered stay here, as a generall
And great Sun-dyall, to have set us All?
O why wouldst thou be any instrument
To this unnaturall course, or why consent 155
To this, not miracle, but Prodigie,
That when the ebbs, longer than flowings be,
Vertue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
Should so much faster ebb out, than flow in?
Though her flood was blowne in, by thy first breath, 160
All is at once sunke in the whirle-poole death.
Which word I would not name, but that I see
Death, else a desert, growne a Court by thee.
Now I grow sure, that if a man would have
Good companie, his entry is a grave. 165
Mee thinkes all Cities now, but Anthills bee,
Where, when the severall labourers I see,
For children, house, Provision, taking paine,
They'are all but Ants, carrying eggs, straw, and grain; 170
And Church-yards are our cities, unto which
The most repaire, that are in goodnesse rich.
There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
Begins Gods City, New Jerusalem,
Which doth extend her utmost gates to them.
At that gate then Triumphant soule, dost thou 175
Begin thy Triumph; But since lawes allow
That at the Triumph day, the people may
All that they will,'gainst the Triumpher say,
Let me here use that freedome, and expresse
My grief, though not to make thy Triumph lesse. 180
By law, to Triumphs none admitted bee,
Till they as Magistrates get victorie;
Though then to thy force, all youthes foes did yield,
Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
To which thy ranke in this state destin'd thee, 185
That there thy counsailes might get victorie,
And so in that capacite remove
All jealousies 'twixt Prince and subjects love,
Thou could'st no title, to this triumph have
Thou didst intrude on death, usurp'dst a grave. 190

Conceit

VI. F.

I. E. 1

VIII. A. 2

II. C.

V. G.

VI. C.

Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
 But with thine owne affections, with the heate
 Of youths desires, and colds of ignorance,
 But till thou should'st successefully advance
 Thine armes 'gainst forraine enemies, which are 195
 Both Envy, and acclamations popular,
 (For, both these engines equally defeate,
 Though by a divers Mine, those which are great,)
 Till then thy War was but a civill War,
 For which to Triumph, none admitted are. 200
 No more are they, who though with good successe,
 In a defensive war, their power expresse;
 Before men triumph, the dominion
 Must be enlarg'd and not preserv'd alone;*
 Why should'st thou then, whose battailes were to win 205
 Thy selfe, from those straits nature put thee in,
 And to deliver up to God that state,
 Of which he gave thee the vicariate,
 (Which is thy soule and body) as intire
 As he, who takes endeavours, doth require, 210
 But didst not stay, t'enlarge his kingdome too,
 By making others, what thou didst, to doe;
 Why shouldst thou Triumph now, when Heav'n no more
 Hath got, by getting thee, than't had before?
 For, Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here, 215
 Of one another in possession were.
 But this from Triumph most disables thee,
 That, that place which is conquered, must bee
 Left safe from present warre, and likely doubt
 Of imminent commotions to breake out: 220
 And hath he left us so? or can it bee
 His territory was no more than Hee?
 No, we were all his charge, the Diocis
 Of ev'ry exemplar man, the whole world is,
 And he was joyned in commission 225
 With Tutelar Angels, sent to every one.
 But though his freedome to upbraid, and chide
 Him who Triumph'd, were lawfull, it was ty'd
 With this, that it might never reference have
 Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave; 230
 Men might at Pompey jeast, but they might not
 At that authoritie, by which he got
 Leave to Triumph, before, by age, he might;
 So, though, triumphant soule, I dare to write,
 Mov'd with a reverentiall anger, thus, 235
 That thou so earely wouldst abandon us;
 Yet I am farre from daring to dispute
 With that great soveraigntie, whose absolute
 Prerogative hath thus dispens'd with thee,
 'Gainst natures lawes, which just impugnere bee 240
 Of early triumphs; And I (though with paine)

V. C.

V. C.

III. B.

VI. A. B.

Or early triumphs; And I (though with gains)
't least nature's laws, which first imparts the
fraternal love that binds the human race,
With that great power, which, whose absence
Yet I am far from being in dispute
That thou no early wouldst condemn me;
Now's with a reverential awe, that
So, though, triumphant souls, I dare to write,
Leave to triumph, others, by age, no might;
At last victorious, of which is not
Has light on every face, and they fight not
With the same, who this triumph have;
With this, that it might never return have
Else and triumph, were lawful, it was to
But though his wisdom is upright, and this
With triumph, and to every one.
And he was found in communion
Of every conqueror man, the whole world is
No, we are all his people, the whole
His victory was not a vain show
And with me left me not in vain
On triumph, to others not;
Left with from triumph, and I have done
Last, that, which is conqueror, and I
But this triumph must be done
It was another, a conqueror's wife.
For, Mary, and thou, even when thou farest here, (1)
Each got, by getting there, when's that before?
Why shouldst thou triumph now, when Mary's no more
By which others, what thou didst, do not;
But didst not every, I understand the same,
As he, who takes advantage, both resists, (2)
(Which he may soon and soon) as I have
Of which he gave the victory to
And to deliver on the day of
My wife, that those who have not done in
My shouldst thou then, when's that before? (3)
That he shouldst and not otherwise alone;
Before was triumph, the nation
In a desperate war, that power others;
To save the day, who have with good success,
For which to triumph, now shouldst not, (4)
Till then the war was not a small war,
(Though it was a small war, which was great),
For, thou shouldst triumph equally before,
Both Mary, and triumph, and triumph, and triumph,
Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
And with mine own afflictions, with the same
Of youths hearts, and colds of ignorance,
But all these shouldst not necessarily share
Which others, which triumph, which are 197

V. C.

V. C.

III. 2.

VI. 2. 2.

Lessen our losse, to magnifie thy gaine
 Of triumph, when I say, It was more fit,
 That all men should lacke thee, than thou lack it.
 Though then in our time, be not suffered 245
 That testimonie of love, unto the dead,
 To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
 As Saxon wives, and Franch soldurii did;
 And though in no degree I can expresse
 Griefe in great Alexanders great excesse, 250
 Who at his friends death, made whole townes devest
 Their walls and bullwarks which became them best:
 Doe not, faire soule, this sacrifice refuse,
 That in thy grave I doe interre my Muse,
 Who, by my griefe, great as thy worth, being cast 255
 Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

VI. G.

VI. A. 2

VIII. B.

ELEGIE ON THE LADY MARCKHAM

Man is the World, and death th'Ocean,
 To which God gives the lower parts of man.
 This Sea invirons all, and though as yet
 God hath set markes, and bounds, twixt us and it,
 Yet doth it rore, and gnaw, and still pretend, 5
 And breaks our bankes, when ere it takes a friend.
 Then our land waters (teares of passion) vent;
 Our waters, then, above our firmament,
 (Teares which our Soule doth for her sins let fall)
 Take all a brackish tast, and Funerall, 10
 And even these teares, which should wash sin, are sin.
 We, after Gods Noe, drowne our world againe.*
 Nothing but man of all invenom'd things
 Doth worke upon itself, with inborne stings.
 Teares are false Spectacles, we cannot see 15
 Through passions mist, what wee are, or what shee.
 In her this sea of death hath made no breach,
 But as the tide doth wash the slimie beach,
 And leaves embroder'd workes upon the sand,
 So is her flesh refin'd by deaths sold hand. 20
 As men of China, 'after an ages stay,
 Do take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay;
 So at this grave, her limbecke, which refines
 The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearles, and Mines,
 Of which this flesh was, her soule shall inspire 25
 Flesh of such stuffe, as God, when his last fire
 Annuls this world, to recompence it, shall,
 Make and name then, th'Elixar of this All.
 They say, the sea, when it gaine, loseth too;
 If carnall Death (the yonger brother) doe 30
 Usurpe the body, 'our soule, which subject is

I. D. VIII. A. 2
VIII. B.

I. E. 1 b

IV. A.

IV. A. 1

I. E. 1 b

VI. G.

VI. B. 1

To th'elder death, by sinne, is freed by this;
They perish both, when they attempt the just;
For, graves our trophies are, and both deaths' dust. VIII. B.
So, unobnoxious now, she'hath buried both; 35
For, none to death sinnes, that to sinne is loth,
Nor doe they die, which are not loth to die;
So hath she this, and that virginity. VIII. A. 2
 Grace was in her extremely diligent,
 That kept her from sinne, yet made her repent. 40
 Of what small spots pure white complaines! Alas,
How little poyson cracks a christall glasse! VIII.
 She sinn'd but just enough to let us see
 That God's word must be true, All, sinners be.
 Soe much did zeale her conscience rarefie, 45
 That, extreme truth lack'd little of a lye,
 Making omissions, act; laying the touch
 Of sinne, on things that sometimes may be such.
 As Moses Cherubines, whose natures doe*
Surpasse all speed, by him are winged too: 50
So would her soule, already'in heaven, seeme then, VI. B. 3
To clyme by teares, the common staires of men. VIII.
 How fit she was for God, I am content
 To speake, that Death his vaine haste may repent.
 How fit for us, how even and how sweet, 55
 How good in all her titles, and how meet,
 To have reform'd this forward heresie,
 That women can no parte of friendship bee;
 How Morall, how Divine shall not be told.
 Lest they that heare her vertues, thinke her old: 60
 And lest we take Deaths part, and make him glad
 Of such a prey, and to his tryumph adde.

E L E G Y

DEATH

Language thou art too narrow, and too weake
 To ease us now; great sorrow cannot speake;
 If we could sigh out accents, and weepe words,
 Griefe weares, and lessens, that tears breath affords.
 Sad hearts, the lesse they seeme the more they are, 5
 (So guiltiest men stand mutest at the barre)
 Not that they know not, feeles not their estate,
 But extreme sense hath made them desperate.
Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we bee;
Tyrant, in the fift and greatest Monarchy, 10
Was't that she did possesse all hearts before,
Thou hast kil'd her, to make thy Empire more? VIII. B.
Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,

To suffer death, by sin, is tried by this;
They perish both, when this is tried by this;

VIII. 3.

For, never can they live, and both be true;
So, unobscured now, and both be true; 35

VIII. 4. 5

For, none to death sinners, that to sin is lost;
For, none to death sinners, that to sin is lost;
So both are true, and both be true; 40

VIII. 5

That both are true, and both be true;
That both are true, and both be true;
Of what small agony this while is true;
How little agony creates a mortal sin;
The wind's not just enough to set us free;
That both are true, and both be true; 45

VIII. 6. 7

So much and more, and both be true;
That, extreme truth lack'd little of a lie;
Making mistakes, not laying the truth;
Of sin, on things that sometimes may be true;
As more Christian, whose nature does;
But never will agree, by his own wings too; 50
So would he, and, in heaven, when then;
To give by fear, the common slaves of men;
How fit was for God, I am content;
To speak, that both his nature and my regret;
How fit for me, how even and how sweet; 55
How good in all his ways, and how good;
To have before'd this toward heaven;
That would was no part of friendship;
How good, how Divine shall not be told;
That they that have his virtues, think her old; 60
And last we have these parts, and make the first;
Of such a prey, and to his strength side.

ELEGY

DEATH

Language then art too narrow, and too weak;
To speak no more, great sorrow cannot speak;
It is both true and necessary, and every word;
Of this matter, and how true, that both be true;
And how true, that both be true, and how true;
(No English can speak of the matter)
Not that they know not, but that they cannot speak;
The matter is both true and necessary;
Gone, to whom we owe all that we are;
Lying, in the life and greatest glory; 10
That the old possession all nature before;
That both are true, and both be true;
How fit for me, how even and how sweet; 15

VIII. 7

As in a deluge perish the 'innocent?
 Was't not enough to have that palace wonne, 15
 But thou must raze it too, that was undone?
 Had'st thou staid there, and look'd out at her eyes,
 All had ador'd thee that now from thee flies,
 For they let out more light, than they tooke in,
 They told not when, but did the day beginne. 20
 She was too Saphirine, and cleare for thee;
 Clay, flint, and jeat now thy fit dwellings be;
 Alas, shee was too pure, but not too weake;
 Who e'r saw Christall Ordinance but would break?
 And if we live, we live but to rebell,
 They know her better now, that knew her well.
 If we should vapour out, and pine, and die;
 Since, shee first went, that were not misirie. 30
 She chang'd our world with hers; now she is gone,
 Mirth and prosperity is oppression;
 For of all morall vertues she was all,
 The Ethicks speake of vertues Cardinall.
 Her soule was Paradise; the Cherubin 35
 Set to keepe it was grace, that kept out sinne.
 Shee had no more than let in death, for wee
 All reape consumption from one fruitfull tree.
 God tooke her hence, lest some of us should love
 Her, like that plant, him and his lawes above, 40
 And when wee teares, hee mercy shed in this,
 To raise our mindes to heaven where now she is;
 Who if her vertues would have let her stay
 Wee'had had a Saint, have now a holiday.
 Her heart was that strange bush, where, sacred fire, 45
 Religion did not consume, but 'inspire
 Such piety, so chast use of Gods day,
 That what we turne to feast, she turn'd to pray,
 And did prefigure here, in devout tast,
 The rest of her high Sabaoth, which shall last. 50
 Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
 (For she was of that order whence most fell)
 Her body left with us, lest some had said,
 Shee could not die, except they saw her dead;
 For from lesse vertue, and less beautilousnesse, 55
 The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddesses.
 The ravenous earth that now wooes her to be
 Earth too, will be a Lemnia; and the tree*
 That wraps that christall in a wooden Tombe,
 Shall be tooke up spruce, fill'd with diamond; 60
 And we her sad glad friends all beare a part
 Of griefe, for all would waste a Stoicks heart.

I. B. 2

V. I.

Conceit

VI.

VIII. A. 4

VIII. B.

VIII. C.

VI. B. 3

VI.

CONCLUSIONS

The poems in this chapter were written at the request of the Countess of Bedford. It was she who, like Mrs. Herbert, aided and guided Donne on his way to a compromise between his desire for the pleasures of this world, his shame because of his youthful appetites, and his desire for spiritual and mental peace.

In the years preceding his friendship with the Countess, Donne had passed through many physical and financial hardships and discouragements as well as a period of poetical lethargy. He was worried at his failure to support his family, and his long sojourn at Mitcham had given him too much time for self analysis; his egotistical nature resented the solitude and the constant reminders of his ineffectiveness. Pangs of conscience finally drove Ann's father to settle an annual income on the couple. It was this income that allowed Donne to go to London where he was welcomed into the Countess' select group of literary people. Though she did not give him the spiritual aid that Mrs. Herbert gave him and although Donne never addressed a poem as sincerely beautiful and platonic as "The Autumnal" to her, her contributions were invaluable in starting the young poet on his way again.

"Obsequies to the Lord Harrington" is an example of the work he did for this woman. There is very little self revelation in this poem because he was more concerned with pleasing his patroness than he was in expressing his own opinions on life and death. The work is not spontaneous and lacks the usual fire and zeal of his work to date. This is evident in the number and varied type of conceits he uses. They are complicated, and,

The poem in this chapter was written at the request of the
Governess of Bedford. It was the work of Herbert, aided and guided
by his way to a comparison between his teacher for the purpose of
this work, his sense of the spiritual quality, and his desire for
spiritual and mental peace.

In the years preceding his friendship with the Governess, Herbert had
passed through many physical and financial hardships and discouragements
as well as a period of mental lethargy. He was worried at his failure
to support his family, and his long sojourn at Winton had given him too
much time for self-analysis; his egotistical nature resented the solitude
and the constant reminder of his ineffectiveness. Faced by circumstances
which drove him to seek an annual income on the stocks. It
was this income that allowed him to go to London where he was welcomed
into the domestic, select group of literary people. Though he did not
give him the spiritual aid that Mrs. Herbert gave him and through whom
never addressed a poem or otherwise testified and his only as "The
Governess" to her, her contributions were invaluable in starting the young
poet on his way again.

"Governess to the Lord Kensington" is an example of the work he did
for this woman. There is very little self-revelation in this poem because
he was more concerned with pleasing his patroness than he was in expressing
his own opinions on life and death. His work is not spontaneous and lacks
the usual fire and zeal of his work for God. This is evident in the
number and varied types of comments he made. They are superficial, and

in some cases, hard to follow; in all cases they are indicative of carefully planned writing and conscious search for effectiveness. The whole poem is an exaggerated declaration of the great loss the world suffered when a man as pure and as near perfection as Lord Harrington died. Donne even went so far as to compare the living Lord Harrington to a compass with one foot in heaven and the other free to roam the world at large. However, the poet concluded with the statement that he could not combat that 'great soveraigntie' who had decided to claim the soul of Lord Harrington for his own, and that he could not begrudge Harrington his gain in spite of the world's loss. He further begged Harrington to accept this testimony of love for his grief was as great as Harrington's worth.

The "Elegie On The Lady Marckham" was also written for the Countess. I personally find it amazing that Donne could have written such outstanding and revealing images in an otherwise superficial tribute to a woman he scarcely knew. The whole poem carries out figures of speech of the ocean, the sea, and rivers. 'Land waters' are 'teares of passion' shed at the death of this fine woman who was so pure that she repented of sins that were either trivial or nonexistent:

Grace was in her extremely diligent,
 That kept her from sinne, yet made her repent.
 Of what small spots pure white complaines! 'Alas,
 How little poyson cracks a christall glasse!
 She sinn'd, but just enough to let us know
 That God's word must be true, All, sinners be.
 Soe much did zeale her conscience rarefie,
 That, extreme truth lack'd little of a lye,
 Making omissions, act; laying the touch
 Of sinne, on things that sometimes may be such.

Man is the World, and death th'Ocean,
 To which God gives the lower parts of man.

They say, the sea, when it gaines, loseth too;
 But even in a poem filled with such consciously sought beauty Donne could not escape the realism of the following image.

But as the tide doth wash the slimie beach,
 And leaves embroider'd workes upon the sand,
 So is her flesh refin'd by deaths sold hand

Compare this with:

As men of China, 'after an ages stay,
 Do take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay;
 So at this grave, her limbecke, which refines
 The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearles, and Mines,
 Of which this flesh was,

It is possible that the elegie "Death" was also addressed to Lady Marckham although it is believed that Donne did not know her.

Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,
 As in a deluge perish the 'innocent?

Language could not express the sorrow that he felt because of her death any more than it was capable of easing that sorrow. He wondered if sorrow had claimed this woman merely to increase its own empire for it would be no misery for any of her friends to die because she had died before them. She was the epitome of all moral virtues; her soul was Paradise. Her life was merely an example of the perfect pious and holy life which she was to lead after death, yet religion did not consume her, rather it inspired her. The angels took her directly to heaven for she was a saint on earth. The only reason they left her body behind was so that baser people could have actual proof of her death.

Her body left with us, lest some had said,
 Shee could not die, except they saw her dead;

These poems are good examples of Donne's 'bread and butter' work. Many of his readers dislike them because they are so stiff and artificial;

they do give no suggestion of Donne's depth of thought on the matters he discusses or of the fine work of which he was capable. Only occasionally does the dark thread of Donne's personality show.

CONCLUSION

Donne is representative of thinking men of all ages. He was a poet and could not accept the conventions of his age which he felt were restraining poetry of all life. He was a man and could not accept the conventions of his age because he wanted for the reality of all ages.

In his youth Donne was driven by passion and yet was aware of the limitations of the flesh and longed for deeper and wider experience. With maturity he strove to find harmony between the two and the way and although he failed, it is interesting to watch the struggle. He existed in the primitive impulse of nature and his way began his road when the light of the first dawn was bright. His struggle was a very personal one and represented a conflict between nature and civilization, spiritual consciousness and physical existence. He sought the ideal but he found it difficult to reach his goal because nature.

Conscience of the limitations of the flesh, and of the limitations of the mind. He wanted a perfect world of the mind and of the body, but he also wanted a realistic rather than an idealistic education of the body and its limitations. He found himself in the body of the primitive impulse by which it is controlled. The limitations of the body and the limitations of the mind are the typical traits of the human condition.

He sought spiritual enlightenment but he wanted his humanity

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discusses us of the time work of action as was expected. Only occasionally
even the last third of Dosses's personality show.

CHAPTER IX

CONCLUSION

Donne is representative of thinking men of all ages. He was a poet and would not accept the conventions of his age which he felt were robbing poetry of all life. He was a man and could not accept the conventions of his age because he searched for the reality of all ages.

In his youth Donne was driven by passion and yet was aware of the insufficiency of the flesh and hungered for deeper and wider experience. With maturity he strove to find harmony between the soul and the body and although he failed, it is interesting to watch the struggle. He exulted in the primitive impulses of nature and his body dragged his soul back time and again from the ideal harmony he sought. His struggle was a very personal one and represents a conflict between nature and imagination, spiritual creativeness and physical passivity. He sought the ideal but he found it difficult to subdue his passionate nature.

Characteristics of Mediaevalism, of the Renaissance, and of the Reformation met in him. He retained a mediaeval fear of the unknown and an innate savagery, but he also possessed a realistic rather than an aesthetic adoration of the body and its beauties; he found ugliness in the body because of the primitive impulses by which it is controlled. His association of death with sin and faith with hope of immortality are typical traits of the Reformation.

He sought spiritual consciousness but he admitted his sensuality

DEATH IN

CONSCIOUSNESS

Donne is representative of Christian men of all ages. He was a poet and would not accept the conventions of his age which he felt were robbing poetry of all life. He was a man and could not accept the conventions of his age because he was aware of the reality of all ages. In his youth Donne was driven by passion and yet was aware of the insensibility of the flesh and hungered for deeper and wider experience. With maturity he strove to find harmony between the soul and the body and although he failed, it is interesting to watch the struggle. He existed in the primitive Japanese of nature and the body, traveled his road back and again from the ideal harmony he sought. His struggle was a very personal one and represents a conflict between nature and imagination, spiritual creativeness and physical passivity. He sought the ideal but he found it difficult to achieve his poetic nature. Characteristics of Keats, Shelley, of the Renaissance, and of the Reformation are in him. He retained a medieval look of the unknown and an innate mystery, but he also possessed a realistic rather than an aesthetic notion of the body and its uses; he found ugliness in the body because of the primitive Japanese by which it is controlled. His association of death with sin and flesh with hope of immortality are typical traits of the reformation. He sought spiritual immortality but he admitted his weakness.

and did not hesitate to write of his physical experiences and to analyze them with a scientific mind in his poetry. He never succeeded in fully bringing the soul and the body together; first one gained control and then the other, but over both reigned the mind which never allowed him to compromise in the search for truth.

In his development as an individual he passed through three stages which may be called physical indulgence, intellectual questioning, and mature experience. As a lover he was first a sensualist and, with youthful vigor, he became a cynic. He was passion's slave and then passion's critic only to become a Platonist and finally a devoted husband.

In religion he followed a similar development. He discarded Catholicism for Agnosticism, became a casuist, and finally died a learned theologian. Under the stress of necessity, he accepted the English Church as a professional vocation and after an agonizing struggle, as a spiritual vocation.

Intensity is typical of him in all his endeavors and he was little noted for his prudence. He was ambitious to succeed in life and although he criticized society, life, and people in general, and in spite of his ability to look through outward pretences and to find what was really inside, he could, as occasion demanded, submerge his personal opinions and beliefs to those of whomever he was attempting to gratify. His one outstanding error in judgment was his marriage to Ann which stood in the way of his success at Court because of the disfavor it brought down upon him. This, however, did not hinder him in his search for Court preferment; the marriage itself probably aided him in his search for spiritual peace. His love for this woman was tender and dignified and had little trace of

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surrender to the weaker for a moment.

In his development as an individual he passed through three stages
which may be called physical, intellectual, and spiritual, and
which were separated by a lower and a higher spiritual and, with
spiritual vision, he passed a crisis. Between these stages and their
passage's crisis only to become a poet and finally a devoted student.

In religion he followed a similar development. He started
as a Catholic for a while, became a socialist, and finally died a devoted
theist. When the stress of necessity, he accepted the English Church
as a professional vocation and after an exhausting struggle, as a spiritual
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noted for his prejudices. He was willing to be moved in life and although
he criticized society, life, and people in general, and in spite of his
effort to look through a few persons and to find what was really
inside, he could, on occasion, remember his personal opinions and
beliefs to those of a man who is not struggling to resist. His own
struggling spirit in judgment was his barrier to him which stood in the
way of his success at that time of the struggle to escape from upon
him. This, however, did not hinder him in his search for God's presence.
The struggle itself probably aided him in the search for spiritual peace.
His love for this woman was tender and dignified and his love was of

the sensualist which he professed to be; however, he still occasionally found it necessary to express himself in his former cynical fashion.

As he matured a juvenile concern with death developed into a very real and terrifying dread. He loved life and was aware of all the experiences of the senses. Contemplation of the cessation of life, resulted in an expression of complete rebellion. He could not reconcile mortality with his instinct for immortality; he could not escape the haunting fears of death which permeated his work. Fausset expresses this idea very clearly:

"But as the violence of the sunset sky is of the dust-laden air, the particles of matter through which the pure light passes, so the soul of man glows with the most lurid colour in proportion to the degree of the physical which it has to penetrate and subdue.

"It is the rich physical nature of Donne that makes him so passionately expressive, even in his defeat; and in his rare moments of imaginative victory, of conflict culminating in unity only to relapse again into discord, 'through the ragged apparel of the afflictions of this life; through the scars and wounds and paleness, and morpews of sin and corruption, we can look upon the soul itself.

"And this soul is worthy of all honour; for though defeated, it never accepted a fraudulent peace. Haunted by funeral phantoms, swooning beneath the horrors of a self-conceived hell it continued to fight on." ¹

1. H. L. Fausset. John Donne A Study In Discord. p. 317

the humanist which is contained in it; however, he still occasionally found it necessary to express himself in his former cynical fashion. As he turned a cynical countenance with which he developed into a very real and satisfying ideal. He lived life and was aware of all the experiences of the world. Contemplation of the passion of life revealed in an expression of complete rebellion. He could not reasonably identify with the instinct for immortality; he could not escape the burning desire of death which permeated his work. He could not escape this from very clearly:

"But as the violence of the current sky is of the heat-laden air, the particles of matter through which the pure light passes, so the soul of man glows with the more intense colour in proportion to the degree of the physical which it has to penetrate and subdue. It is the rich physical nature of Donne that makes him so passionately expressive, even in his defeat; and in his rare moments of imaginative victory, of conflict culminating in unity only to relapse again into discord, through the ragged appeal of the artist's of this life through the stars and worlds and galaxies, and mountains of air and corruption, we can look upon the world itself. And this world is worthy of all honour; for though defeated, it never accepted a fraudulent peace. Haunted by eternal questions, sweating beneath the horrors of a self-conscious hell it continues to fight on."

The purpose of this thesis is to present a new interpretation of Donne's personality, intellect, and temperament through the classification and study of his images in selected secular poems.

In my introduction I defined an image as "the word picture, made up of a poet's words, illustrations, and illustrations of his thought"; this includes every imaginative picture expressed through the senses, the mind, and the emotions.

Analysis of Donne's life type would be complete without at least a few facts about the poet's BOSTON UNIVERSITY
GRADUATE SCHOOL

The reflections of Donne's life in his poetry are to be Abstract of Thesis

IMAGERY IN THE SECULAR POETRY OF JOHN DONNE

by

Virginia M. Murphy
(A. B., Boston University, 1947)
submitted in partial fulfilment of the
requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts
1948

However, it should be understood that, every aspect of a writer's work, every characteristic of his life, every quality of his mind, is reflected largely in the work...

For the convenience of the reader I have provided an outline of the subjects of the images. At the beginning of every chapter, with the exception of one, I have summarized the conclusions I draw from the study of the number and types of images used in the group of poems under discussion. The classification of some images may be an arbitrary matter, and at any time the reader may discover an instance in which he does not

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The purpose of this thesis is to present a new interpretation of Donne's personality, thought, and temperament through the classification and study of his images in selected secular poems.

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Because no study of this type would be complete without at least a few words about the poet's life, I have given a brief summary of the most important facts of his biography.

The reflections of Donne's life in his poetry are apt to be misleading. It is dangerous to believe that Donne wrote only from experience; he had a tendency to exaggerate his youthful errors and the records of his earlier love affairs are often conventional and literary, prompted perhaps by his distaste for Elizabethan overglorification of love. This tendency to exaggerate colored all his work, and therefore the reader must be careful to avoid a too literal acceptance of his statements. However, it should be remembered that, 'every secret of a writer's soul, every experience of his life, every quality of his mind, is written largely in his works.....'

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 of the number and types of images used in the group of poems under
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 and at any time the reader may discover an image in which he does not

agree with the author.

Donne was born into a wealthy and distinguished family; his only drawback was his religion. He was a full-blooded passionate young man who wanted to taste all the joys of life, still he knew of a 'gay sport abroad, yet dare not go'. In his youth he revolted against literary, social, and religious conventions. He was introspective enough to analyze his experiences and set them down in verse.

As a student in Lincoln's Inn, he had entered into the life and society around him, and, hurt by the rebuffs he had encountered, he penned the cynical satires, three of which I have reproduced. The images in these poems are based on domestic, imaginative, learning, daily life, and body classifications. A study of them results in a picture of a young man who deliberately sought the most degrading and base analogies that he could find for society, poetasters, and lawyers.

The images used in the satires are merely a preview of the word pictures he was to draw concerning women and love. The prevalent mood of the Songs and Sonnets is one of consciously sought cynicism, with occasional touches of tenderness. From this the poet passed to a concern with time and death which deepened into a concern with mortality alleviated at times by spasmodic returns to the earlier cynicisms.

The Epigrams are composed of conceits which do not represent Donne's best work; they were probably written with the idea of future reference and possible further work. I found in my study of images and conceits in other poems that he quite frequently wrote better epigrams in the course of a longer poem.

The Epicedes and Obsequies were written more or less as bread and

...with the author.

Donna has been into a variety and distinguished family; his only
grandson was his religion. He was a full-blooded passionate young man
who wanted to know all the joys of life; still he knew of a 'gay sport'
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best work; they were probably written with the idea of future reference and
possibly further work. I found in my study of images and sonnets in other
poems that he felt increasingly wrote better epigrams in the course of a
longer poem.

The Epigrams and Sonnets were written more or less as prose and

butter work, and it is only in one or two images that we see reflections of Donne's true personality.

The Elegies, however, are a different matter. They represent a more diversified picture of the poet; we see him as the tender Platonist, the demanding lover, the sensualist, and the loving husband.

I have added an appendix to this work which includes two of Donne's Holy Sonnets, which I feel are representative of his work after his entry into the religious life.

If what I have said in the introduction is true, that the standing of a poet depends largely upon the power he has in discovering hidden likenesses, and therefore the use of this power is what stirs us in his writings, I feel that my study of Donne's ability in this field is justified.

Butter worth, and it is only in one or two instances
of some of the persons.

The objects, however, are different matters. They represent
some diversified picture of the past; we see him in the other (historical),
the standing tower, the ancestral, and the living present.

I have added an appendix to this work which includes two of James's
early poems, which I feel are representative of his work after his entry
into the religious life.

It may be said in the introduction to the volume, that the sentiment
of a poet depends largely upon the power he has in discovering himself.
Likewise, and therefore the one of this power is what gives us his
religion, I feel that the study of James's poetry in this field is
justified.

That heart made me, and shall my voice be
regain to me, for now and hold fast,
I come to death, and death is not a rest,
and all my pleasures are like yesterday;
I have not more my time to my day,

Despair's behind, and death is not a rest
Such horror, and my feeble flesh with pain
By which is it, which is the heart's will to be
Only there are those, and when I come to see
By the house I can look, I see again;
And our old gentle face is looking on,
That not one hour of life I can sustain;
My heart is strong to prevent his art,
and then like a hand that will not let me rest.

APPENDIX

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1210114-1-0-10

Thou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?
Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,
I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday;
I dare not move my dimme eyes any way,
Despaire behind, and death before doth cast
Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;
Onely thou are above, and when towards thee
By thy leave I can looke, I rise againe;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one houre my selfe I can sustaine;
Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

Then hast made me, And shall thy words decay?
 Repairs no more, For now mine and both parts,
 I round to death, and death more on me fast,
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday;
 I dare not move my limbs, eyes any way,
 Desires denied, and death before both eyes
 Such terror, and my flesh's flesh both ways
 By which in it, which if I would not let it go;
 Only then are above, and when towards these
 By my leave I can loose, I rise again;
 But my old subtle foe so tempteth me,
 That not one hour ay will I can contain;
 The space my mind as to prevent his art,
 And thus like lightning draw him from my heart.

Oh my blacke Soule! now thou art summoned
By sicknesse, deaths herald, and champion;
Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treason, and durst not turne to whence hee is fled,
Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read,
Wisheth himselfe delivered from prison;
But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned.
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke;
But who shall give thee that grace to beginne?
Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning blacke,
And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne;
Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might
That being red, it dyes red soules to white.

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